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August 23, 1924

Collier's

TH ONAL WEEKLY

John Bradshaw Crandell

The Funniest Place in the

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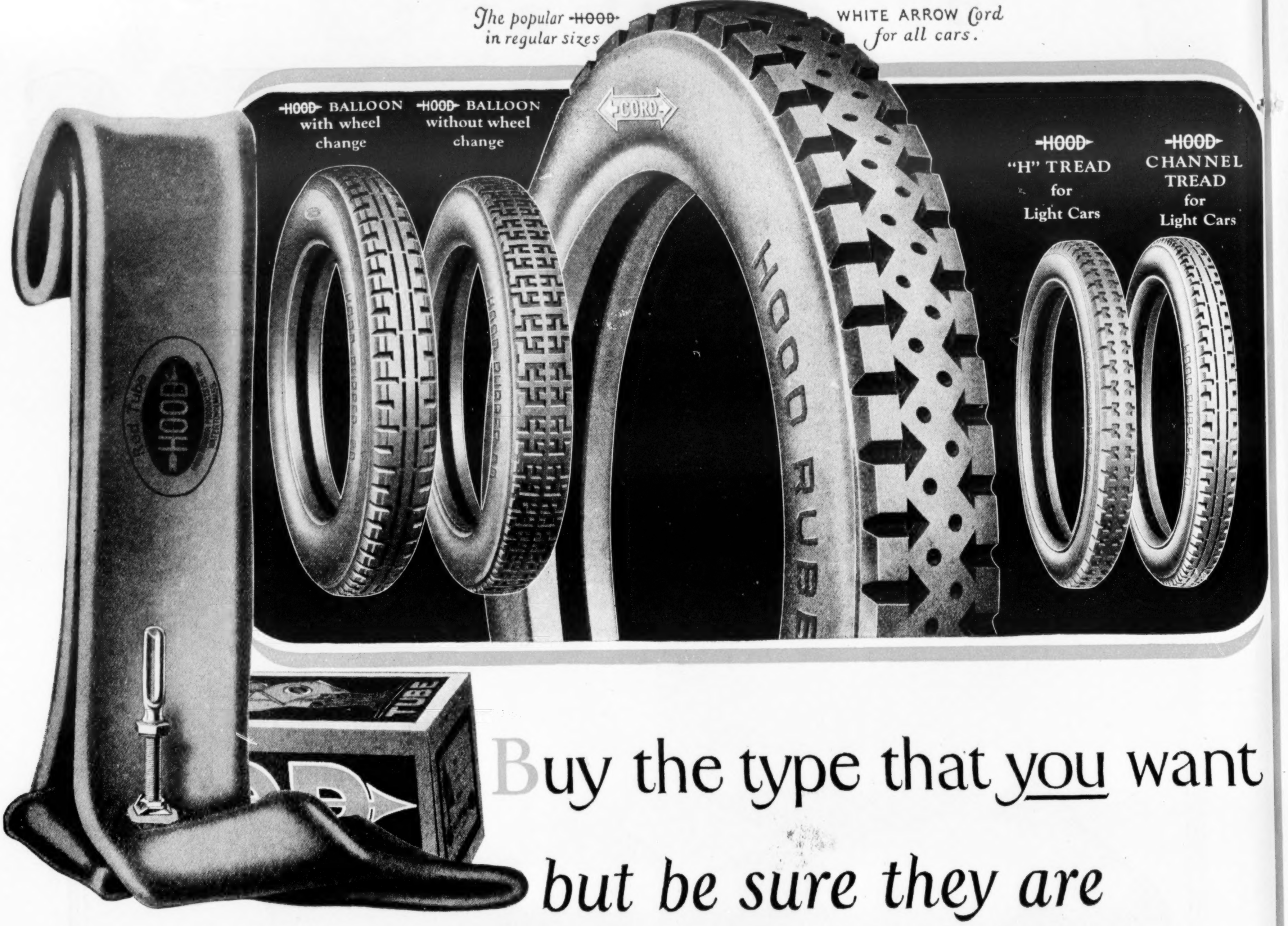
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August 23, 1924

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Living or Dead

By Austin Parker

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

"FOR the love o' Mike, what do you do with your money?" demanded Red Luke. "You don't chase around with girls, you're not a rum hound, an' you got luck enough for two men when you're shooting craps. What do you do with it?"

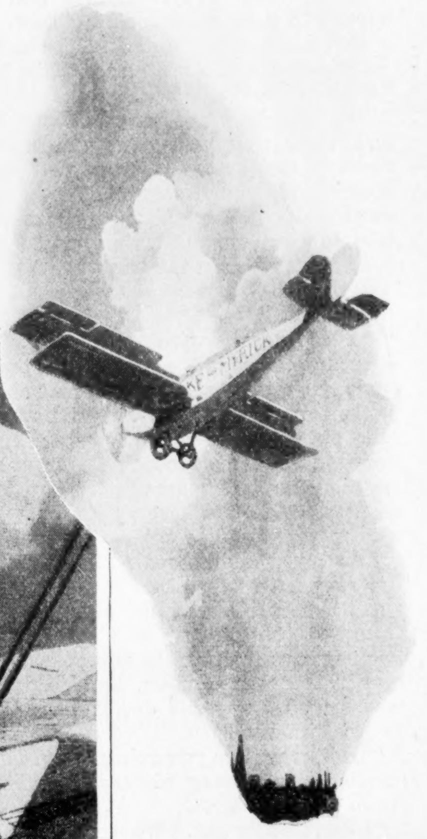
Harry Myrick, his partner in the firm of Luke and Myrick, "Death Defiers—Wing Walking, Plane Changing, and Parachute Jumping Our Specialty. We Will Try Anything"—shifted uneasily and studied that portion of the sands of Long Beach heaped in a well-patted cone between his legs.

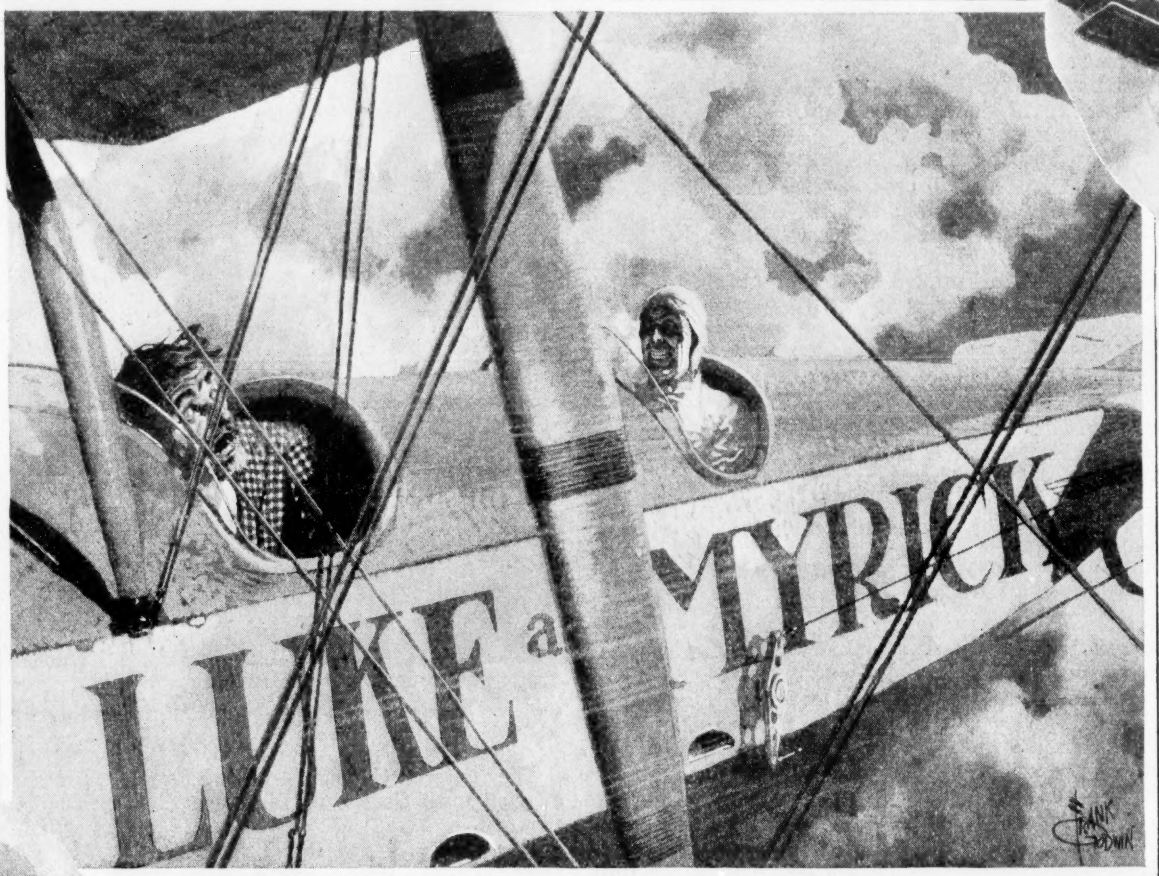
"Because," continued Red Luke, "if we're going to get a new bus, we've got to be getting some money ahead—instead of renting one every time we've got a plane-changing stunt booked. An' here you go blowing it like a millionaire!"

"I didn't blow it," answered Dauntless Harry Myrick in an aggrieved tone.

"Well, anyhow, you're busted."

"Yeh, but—" Myrick paused, knocked the tip from the sand cone, and transformed it with his forefinger into the crater of a volcano. His large brown eyes, set strangely in a grayish face, stared soberly out across the water while he considered the matter; and his tall, hatchet-faced, red-headed partner studied him perplexedly.





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TO-DAY, as he patted the sand heap and gazed out over the ocean, he was thinking that it wasn't fair to the best friend he had in the world, Red Luke, to be holding out money that the firm needed sorely for a new airplane.

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"Me with you, kid!" exclaimed Red.

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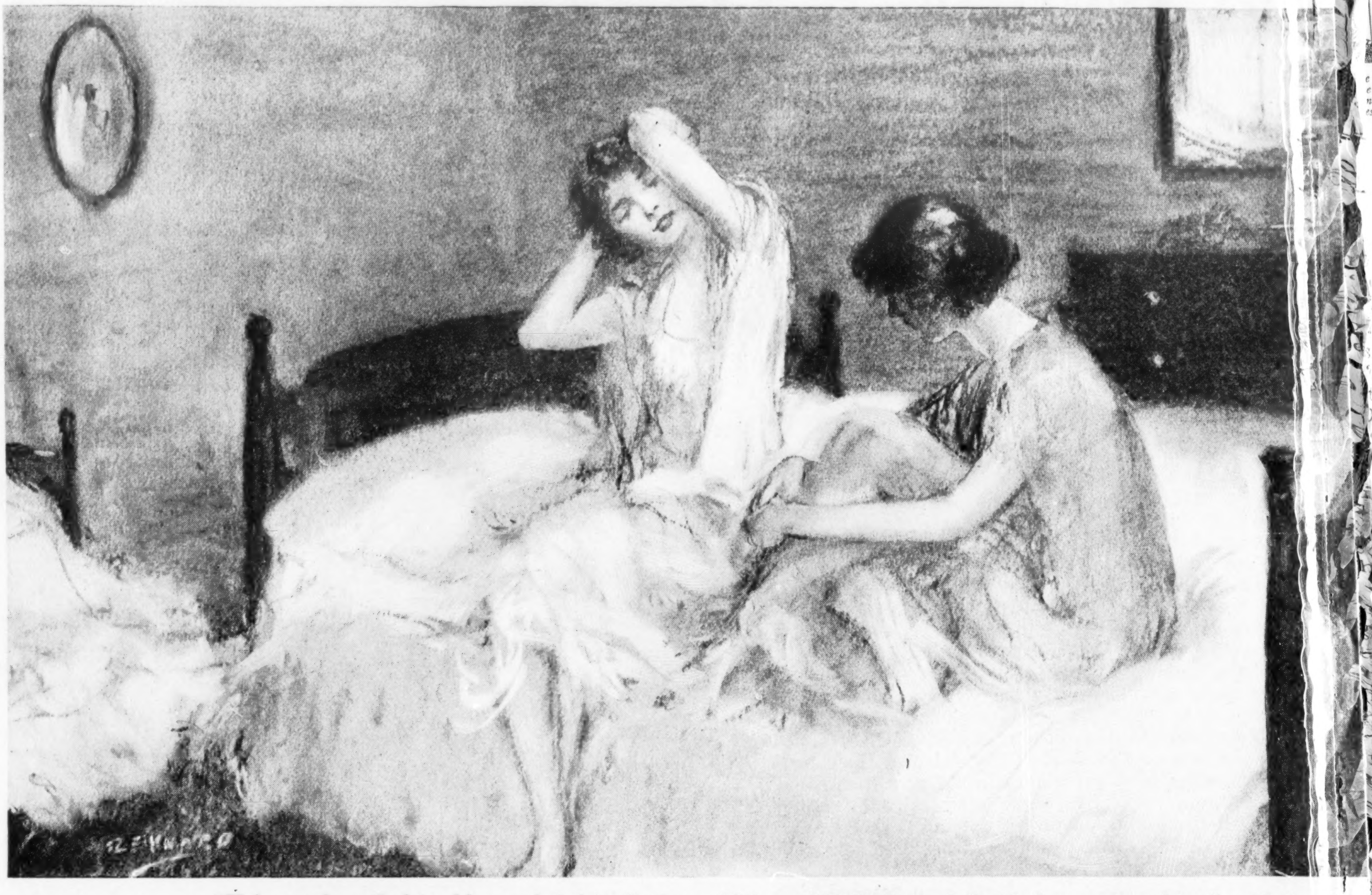

"He's got the pile his old man left him," Cora told her. "Well, I won't hold that against him," said Apr

The Call of the Moth

By Hubert Fou

Illustrated by Grant Re

FRACTURED hope may at the first be quite as painful as a fractured bone, and Archie Longman had possessed his injury less than fifteen minutes. Not so much as a groan escaped him, however, until he stepped out of the Fifth Avenue building that housed the Terra-Beauty-Pak Company's resplendent offices; then all he said was "Bah!"

He snorted, thrust his hands in his overcoat pockets, and strode off indignantly for his studio, which was in Waverly Place.

His fingers closed around the cause of his trouble, a carefully worded contract to do twelve decorations for the next year's Terra-Beauty-Pak calendar at one thousand dollars each. The first undetailed announcement that he would be awarded this contract—it had come over the telephone two hours ago and routed him out of bed—had left Archie vastly joyous; but now he regarded the thing with a degree of abhorrence. He could see in it only misery.

For two years he had been married to April Adams. If you are one of those who make an occasional pilgrimage to the Cherry Box Revue, you know that the accomplishment of a mere friendship with one of its stars would by many be considered something of a career. As for marrying one!

It was strange how Archie had achieved it. April got utterly fed up on male attention one spring and ran off from everyone she knew and hid in a little two-room apartment in one of those sober and subdivided old houses that line Waverly Place. Archie had a single room on the floor beneath, and he was doing his own cooking. Naturally, since he was not paying for this privilege, he kept his electric grill as far as possible from the hall door. The window sill seemed the handiest place for it.

But April's bedroom was just above, and, oddly enough, Archie's favorite breakfast menu was also her own: two squares of delicately brown toast overlaid with strips of fragrant, crisp bacon and fried apple, and a pot of tea. And it was perfectly maddening to wake to the smell of one's ideal matutinal meal and to realize that one must rise, dress, and go uptown to get even a poor substitute for it.

April stood it as long as she could, then one morning she leaped up, beat on the floor with the heel of her mule, and leaned out of the window.

"Stop it!" she cried vehemently. "Stop it down there, whoever you are!"

"I beg pardon?" said Archie, thrusting out his own tousled head and looking up. But as he saw April's face his scowl changed to a rather abashed grin. "Am I annoying you?" he asked.

"You are—with your cooking! It makes *me* so hungry I can't stand it!"

He laughed with relief. "Well, if that's the only complaint, come down and have some," he invited.

"No, thanks. I'll be satisfied if you close the window."

"But I can't do that without getting caught. You see, these are illicit victuals I prepare. I tell you, I'll bring you some if you'll promise not to divulge my crime!"

When they were married three months later Archie moved up into the apartment where there was a kitchenette and he could indulge his flair without fear of sudden raid. For April swore with great conviction that nowhere was there toast to be found like his and she would have no other. . . . And after two years she still swore it and they were still very much in love with one another.

So there you have the reason for Archie's humor. If he was to fulfill the contract in his pocket, it meant that in all probability he must steel himself to put April temporarily out of his life. The twelve thousand dollars could still give him a pleasant thrill when he thought of it apart from its surrounding conditions, but if to get it one must live for weeks and months in a barren desert without April—He swore and crumpled the contract tighter.

APRIL had fallen asleep again when he entered the apartment, and he did not wake her at once.

Presently, as he lit a cigarette, she stirred. One rounded arm emerged from beneath the covers and stretched out horizontally in a gesture vastly languorous.

"Toots?" she murmured.

Archie moved into the little aisle between the beds, sat down on his own, and took her hand. "All right, old salt."

She groaned under the final pain of awakening; then opened reluctantly one and then both of her blue eyes, blinked at him, and suddenly sat up and threw both arms round his neck.

"Brave, handsome, smart old Toots!" She laughed softly. "Back so soon! I couldn't have been asleep ten minutes. . . . Um, I see it's been over an hour, though," she admitted, glancing at the clock on her dressing table. "Ho-hum, well, what does it matter to the opulent? Is ever she asked, kiss g A left ear.

He hesitated. "W isn't, honey. . . I've all right—"

"Then what el —"

"Nothing. Except go away for a long t

April drew back a in astonishmen " echoed. "From ? for, Toots?"

"Well, it's like this. Terra-Beauty-Pak ad ger, has decided h won thing in calendars next of the dozen pictures i going to be a lan or by moonlight, mou tai canyons, rivers— ran of nature stuff. An the pictures will ay the Terra-Beauty-Pak Nature's own way to

Archie paused a d with a tragic expr s

"Honey, the con ra I've got to go to riz first six pictures!'

April let out a ror. "Arizona! O Toots, what a o Never! Give the c

He shook his h a that when they t d honey. Twelve th much money as I v as much as they ev Then he attempted t ing. "After all, I' e won't be unbear l takes me two mo Cora to come and sta

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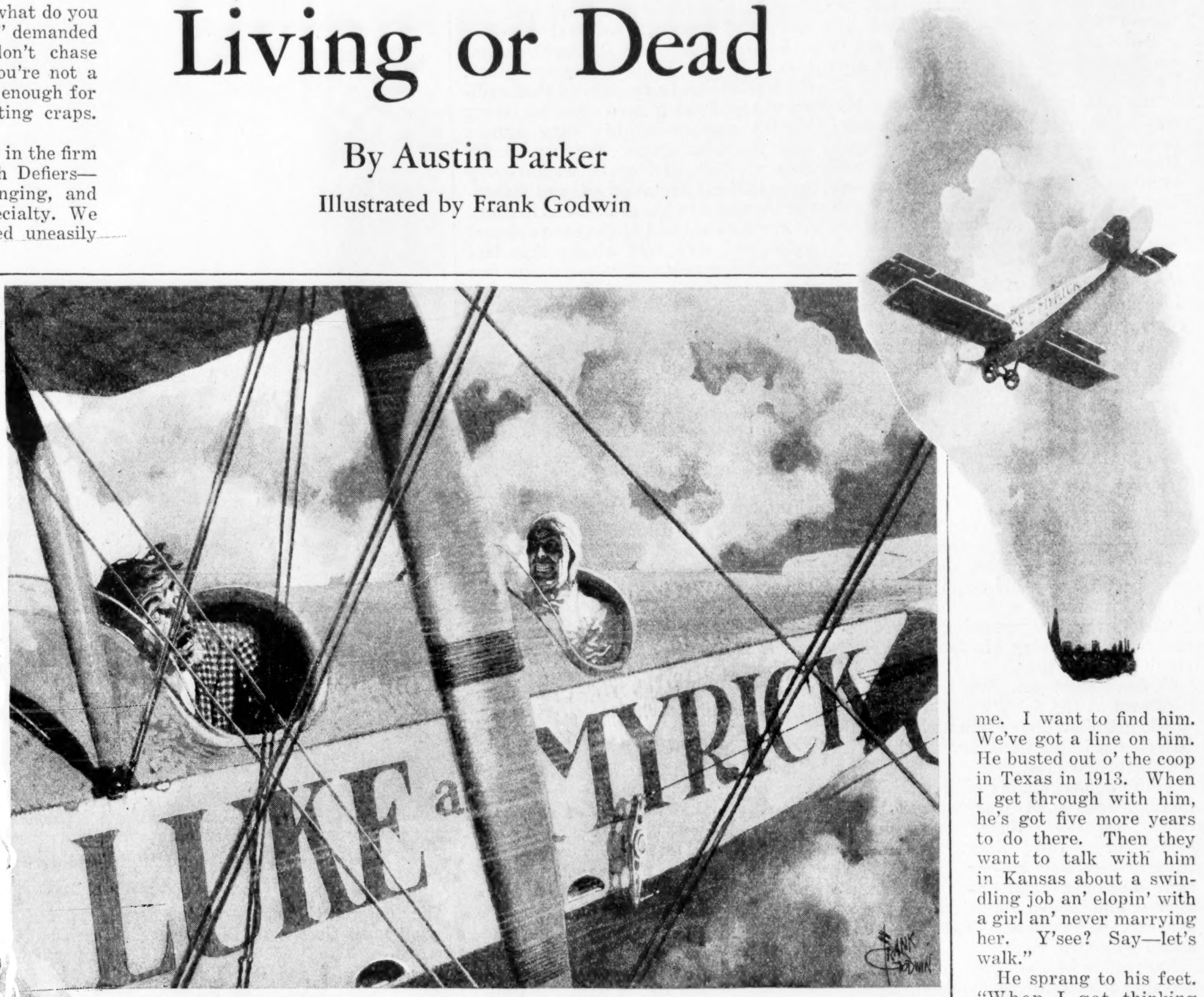

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"I've got him!" announced Myrick quietly, the afternoon of their arrival at South Haven, where they had gone to take part in an annual charity circus. He had been at the office of the chairman of the performance committee, arranging their program, and had returned to their hotel room hot-foot.

Red Luke, interrupted in the act of washing his face, stared at him. "Where?" he demanded.

"He's in business here." Harry Myrick gave a leering grin and nodded toward the central street of South Haven. "Big as life. Some sort o' real estate hold-up. I mighty near ran smack into him as I was leaving this chairman guy's office in the bank."

MYRICK'S voice sank, and his brown eyes glowed with excitement. "I ducked an' he didn't see me. I says to the chairman guy—he's the president o' the bank—'Who's that fellow?' His face kind o' turns sour an' he says: 'That's George H. Platt,' says he. An' from the way he says it I know that Pelly's just as popular around here as a kidnapper at a mothers' meeting."

"And you didn't soak him?" asked Red, aghast.

"Soak him? *Soak* him? Say—do you think I been on this guy's trail for twelve years just for the fun of pasting him in the eye? Listen, Red—if Pelly was sick, I'd pay his doctor bills just to get him well."

"Well, what are you going to do?" demanded Red, giving his face a violent scrub with the towel.

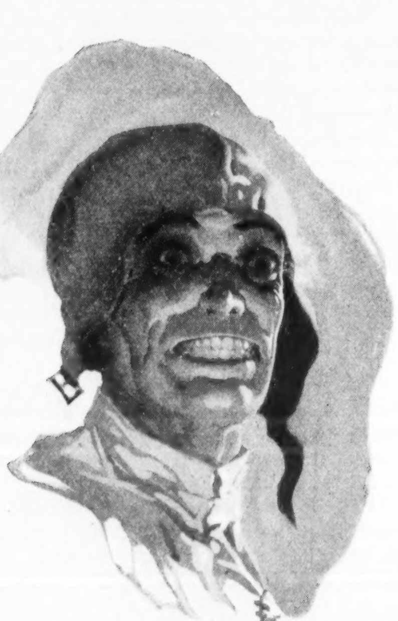
"I don't know yet. Where's Stuffy?"

"Down at the field."

"Go get him. Bring him up here. I'll be doing a lot of thinking. Maybe I'll get the bright idea."

Stuffy Johnson, a big pink-and-white-faced Swede pilot who worked with them whenever their engagements called for a third flyer, was industriously refolding his parachute. The two airplanes had been anchored against any sudden squall, and a watchman—as per contract—had been stationed to guard them.

Regardless of Pelly and the bills for private detectives who had detected nothing, the firm had been able to buy new planes. One of them was a light, sensitive machine which Red used for acrobatics; the other was a large plane, with broad wings upon which Harry Myrick cavorted and gamboled. The larger machine had an additional advantage: in the body of it there was a compartment in which they could carry their parachute packs, luggage, and tools. It had been designed and built for the purpose of running whisky over the Mexican border to the oil fields. Red Luke and Harry Myrick were among those present when the confiscated plane was auctioned off, with every cent they could find in the world.



"Believe me," Myrick said, with a grin, "when I get my imagination going, things happen"

For their purposes the machine was ideal. Besides being a baggage plane, it traveled slowly enough, so that audiences could get a good view of Harry Myrick performing his wing stunts. And the pilot's seat was far enough back so that Red could watch every move that his partner made and maneuver the plane to his greatest advantage. At the forward end of the compartment which had once held whisky they had cut a passenger's seat, which meant two planes for passenger work, at ten dollars a hop.

"Come on up to the hotel," Red said to Stuffy. "Harry's going to stage a show. Hurry up."

It was an hour later when they entered the hotel. Harry Myrick was seated cross-legged upon one of the beds, like an emaciated Buddha. He motioned to them to draw up chairs.

"Did you tell Stuffy about Pelly?" he asked Red.

"I told him all I know."

"That's enough. Now listen—I've thought this thing out. That's the way I do things. Most o' you guys 've got a lot of imagination, but it's all in your fists. Mine's in my head! See? Here's the big idea—Pelly probably thinks to this day that I croaked when he left me there in Penang! An' I told that guy I'd get him, living or dead!"

GEORGE H. PLATT, née Pelly, had looked South Haven over quietly and begun operations a full year before South Haven knew anything about it. One day late in June a full-page advertisement in the local paper announced the advent of the Dream City Land Company, George H. Platt, president. "Own Your Own Summer Home in the Millionaires' Colony! $10 Buys an Option on the Sweetest Little Summer Home You Ever Saw! Let Your Children Play on the Beach with the Children of the Rich. You May Not Be a Millionaire in Money, but You and Yours Can Be Millionaires in Health and Happiness! Come to Dream City!"

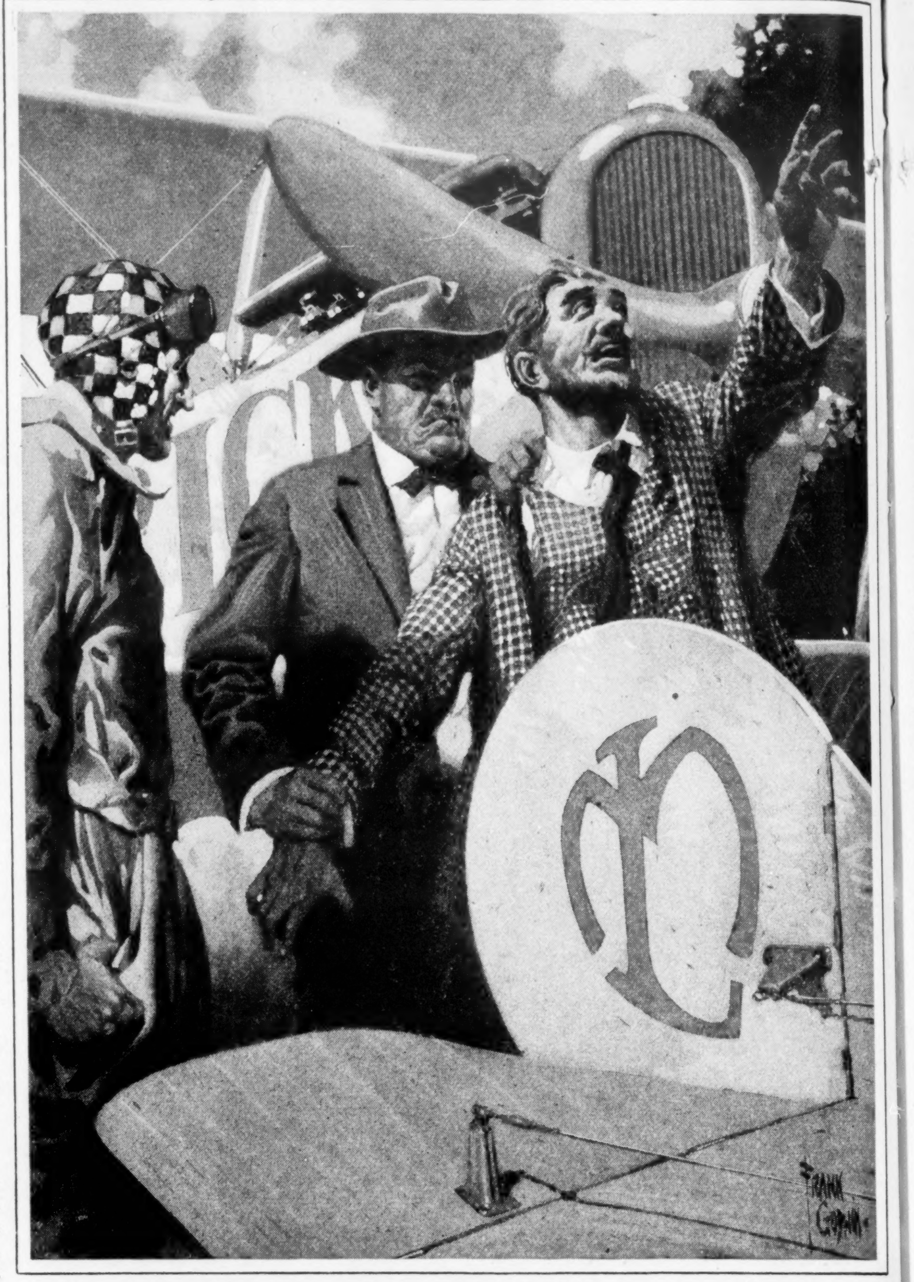
Lawyers, summoned too late to protect the serenity of South Haven, reported that George H. Platt had obtained options upon two hundred acres of farm land to the north of the town. That was to be Dream City. It was legal and aboveboard, and other property owners, if they didn't like it, could either buy George H. Platt off or buy him out. George H. Platt's answer was, briefly: "Two hundred thousand dollars cash. Think it over, gentlemen, and act rapidly, for the price goes up every day."

Each train brought prospective buyers, who left the beach strewn with the litter of picnic baskets.

"Make yourself at home," George H. Platt told them. To the man who had financed his idea he said: "The big boys are coming through, all right. They'll disgorge. Just wait until we slap up a couple of frame shanties on Kill-Care Avenue!"

Red Luke and Stuffy Johnson paused before the show window of the Dream City Land Company and gazed at the large bird's-eye picture, painted with more vigor than skill, showing the visionary summer cottages.

"This baby's after big jack, all right," said Red. "Come on."



"You tell the judge about it," said the man. "Come on!"

They entered the office—waited for a moment until George H. Platt was disengaged.

"Mr. Platt," began Red, "my name's Luke. I'm the pilot who's going to fly for this charity circus. This is my partner, Mr. Myrick."

The man's eyebrows went up at the name. He shook hands. "Any relation to a man I met while I was traveling in the Orient about twelve years ago?" he asked. "His name was Harry Myrick. Came from Nebraska, I believe."

"Nope," answers Stuffy Johnson. "My family comes from Canada."

"Just wondered. Unusual name. What can I do for you?"

Red launched forth upon a carefully prepared and rehearsed recitation of the wonders and glories of aerial photography. "I can make that bird's-eye thing look like thirty cents . . . your lots 'll look like they were right in Duryea's back yard . . . prints for three cents apiece . . . give one to every customer an' show him right where his lot is . . . let 'em take 'em home an' show the family . . . fifty dollars for the job, and not one cent unless you're absolutely satisfied—"

Red allowed George H. Platt to haggle over the price and bring it down to twenty-five dollars. It had been Harry Myrick's idea to start at the higher figure.

"Of course," concluded Red, "I'll want you to come up with me and give me the lay of the land. We want to do this job right!"

"I'd better send one of my agents. Pretty busy these days."

Red shook his head sadly. "No, that won't do. You're the boss, and you know how you want things done."

Harry Myrick, not daring to leave his room for fear that he might meet Pelly on the street, was waiting for them.

"He fell for it!" announced Red. "Ten o'clock to-morrow morning." . . .

LONG before the hour of the appointment with Pelly, Red Luke arrived at the field, accompanied by a carpenter, to perform a vital operation upon their big plane. The panel between the baggage compartment and the pilot's cockpit was sawed away, then replaced upon hinges. That accomplished, the carpenter was dismissed and Red made several experimental trips from the seat, past the control stick, over the rudder bar and into the compartment, where he sat, as though in a packing case, chuckling.

Stuffy Johnson came just as he was emerging.

"Whew! That's a tight fit!" exclaimed Stuffy.

"You can make it, all right," Red answered. "You'd better try it a few times first. Harry won't have any trouble. He's such a skinny little runt. How about the helmets?"

From his pocket Stuffy produced two light flying helmets of a blatant black-and-white check pattern. "We had the devil's own time sewing them. I got the cloth at a store, and then we laid out an old helmet of mine as a pattern. Harry did most of it. He's pretty good."

"You bet he

(*Continued on page 22*)

What Makes a Happy Marriage?

By Marion Foster Wotherspoon

Illustrated by Edward Ryan

Mrs. Wotherspoon and her husband followed the trail of forty-four marriages, trying to find out whether the early matings or the later ones were more successful. They found, among other things, that the requirements of a happy, lasting union are attained by few persons who are in their first youth.

When Baby comes, a nurse, a perambulator, and quite a few other things are needed

READING Collier's suggestion that some middle-aged folk should think over the cases of forty or fifty married couples of their acquaintance, and report how the early marriages have turned out, and the later ones, my husband and I went at it.

We started with a theoretical leaning toward early marriages—they seem so thoroughly in accord with Nature's promptings, and the years they make safe in a new home are otherwise so fraught with danger! But the actual facts we presently faced bore quite a different testimony.

We made a list of people whose lives we actually know in respect to the year of beginning marriages and something of their lives afterward. Our list numbered forty-four, of whom eleven had married early—that is, from 14 to 17—twenty-one married between 21 to 30, and twelve married late—from 35 to 50 and past.

He can hardly believe this rose of the world is his own

Here is a brief history of the youthful marriages:

Marie married at 15, had her first baby before she was 16, divorced her young husband before she was 20 and supported the baby herself by clerking in a store. She was a beautiful girl and had many opportunities to remarry, to one of which she yielded when she was 30. The second husband was a man about 40, and she bore him one son. They lived together for ten years of more storm than sunshine and finally separated. At 45 she married a third time a man twelve years her junior. So far—after about five years—they are getting on well. Everyone who knows them is convinced that if this marriage also goes on the rocks it will be because of the uncontrolled impulsiveness which is one of her most marked characteristics—the trait, probably, that led her into her early marriage.

Edna, a young Scotch lassie, the prettiest girl in her Canadian province, married at 16 a good and industrious boy of 19. They had six superior children; but of course the husband's schooling was cut short, and he labored hard at ill-paid tasks all his life to support those children. His only brother worked his way through college, married at 30, and achieved a successful professional career. Edna, who was ambitious, never got over reproaching her husband for not doing as well as his brother; and he himself bitterly regretted his early marriage. Even the success of his children did not compensate him for his own enslaved life.

Helen B., the young daughter of a friend, a pretty high-school girl of 17, ran off with a boy of 16 in a stolen automobile. They falsified their ages and got married. After a week they were caught, he was sent to the reform school, and she is under the care of the court, though at home. Their marriage was annulled.

Lucy H. had not even reached high school. She was only 14 when a Filipino boy with high wages and a mandolin captured her. They got a license, falsely swearing to parental consent, though that was the only formality required, and lived together about five days before the authorities found them, sent the boy to jail, and put her in the care of the court. Her mother before her married at 15, because angry relatives compelled her, a man of 35, Lucy's father; and Lucy herself was born three months later.

Rachel was married at 14. Beaten by her English husband, who regarded wife-beating as a conjugal privilege, she deserted him and fled to her English father. He in turn beat her for leaving her husband, and sent her back to him. She bore him six children, very unwillingly; divorced him at 37; and lived all the rest of her life—about ten years—with a man whom she never married but whom she loved and who was kind to her. She had by him one child whom she loved more than all her other six put together.

Mabel W. was married at 16, when she was about to become a mother. She was of a good family, and so was her husband. There was no reason why they should not have legalized their union in the beginning, only that they were both too childish and impulsive to plan anything at all about it. When the respective families found out the situation, they instituted marriage immediately, and, in a way, subsidized the young couple, giving them a home and a small income. They had five children after marriage, but the first unexpected baby grew up to be more of a woman than any of the others. Thoughtlessly they had passed on to her the best that was in them. The husband never got rightly to grips with life, and finally died of drink, leaving to his old parents the care of his wife and children. He seemed to feel it was all right to do so, because they had forced him to marry Mabel, when he himself was "in no hurry."

Hilda married at 16 with no knowledge of what was before her. When she found out, she left her husband, a decent-enough man of about 30, in a fury; and later bore him one son, for whom she never had proper affection. She remarried, when she was mature, a man whom she loved; but he proved unfaithful. Now, divorced for the second time, she hates the very idea of marriage. She is a beautiful and superior woman, and has many offers of marriage, to all of which she turns a determinedly deaf ear. It is strange to see her trying to behave conscientiously to her own son.

The Rashness of Youth

BERTHA, a frail girl of 16, ran away and got married to a young man of 24, who loved her and was good to her. She was one of Rachel's first six children. She died soon after giving birth to her first baby.

Nellie married at 18 and had a fairly happy life and two children. At 40, she fell in love with a man of 26, persuaded her husband to let her have a divorce; married the young man; and now, she 60 and he 46, another divorce looms. A younger woman holds his heart.

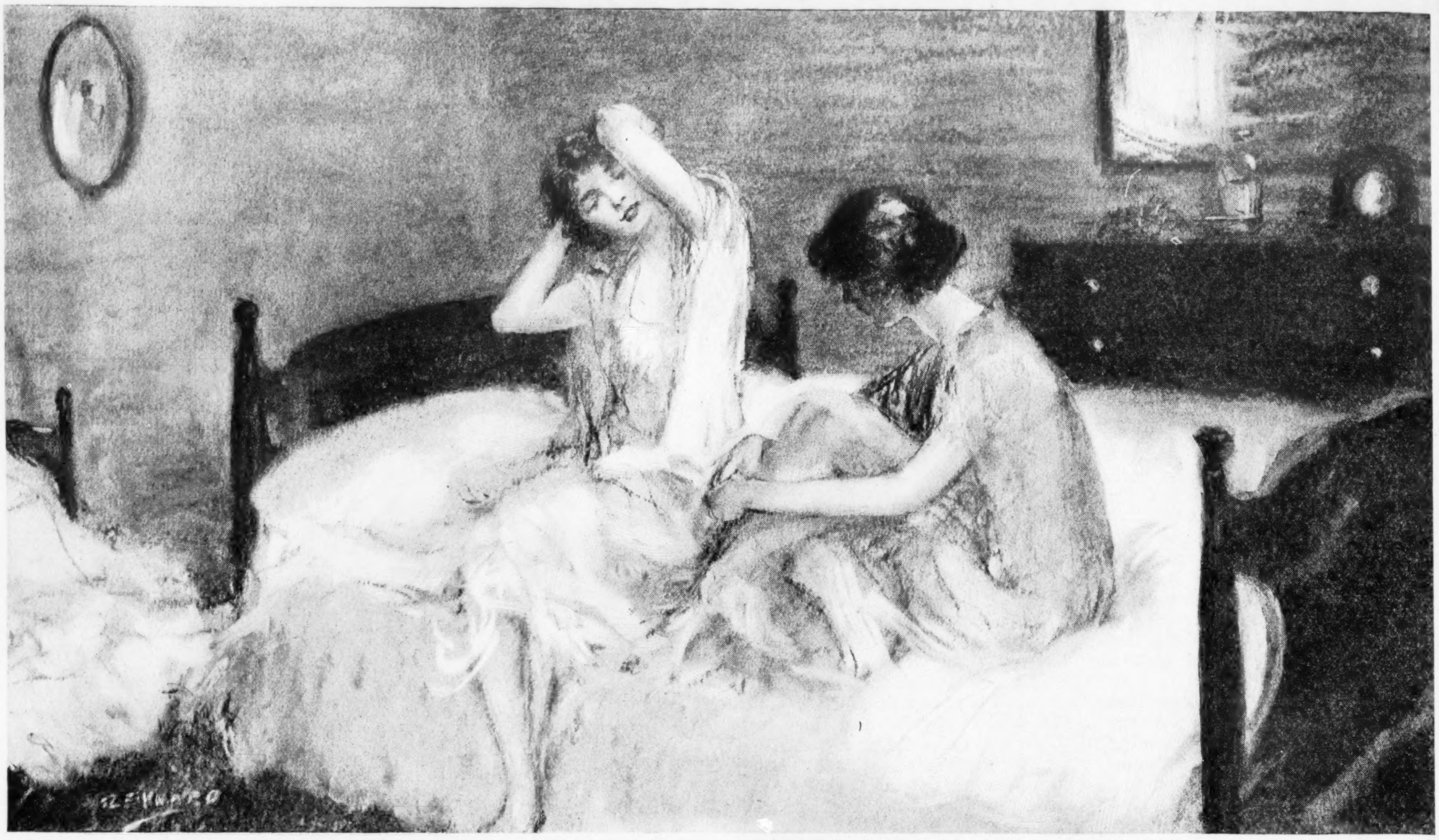
This pair, a little older grown, decide to chance it

Helen just 16 years old, and in high school, had a baby, a very pretty little girl. The father was a fellow pupil of 17. Neither parent was in love with the other. They did not want to marry. They were merely adolescent and curious. She gave her baby away, went back to school, and finished her education. At 23 she married a man slightly older and has done as well as could be expected ever since.

The pretty little girl baby was given to a superior young woman, a schoolteacher, who gave the child wise and loving up-bringing. Nevertheless at 16 the pretty girl was found to be in the same state her mother had been in at the same age. The foster-mother induced the boy and girl to marry, so as to give the baby a name and a home; and she is, in a sense, subsidizing them until he is able to earn a living. We are all wondering how it will turn out. Babies are the last things young adolescents think of when they are experimenting with the life forces; and my observation—as indicated by these abbreviated biographies—is that children do not really bind their parents together, but often aggravate an otherwise tolerable dissonance.

This makes up our list of eleven youthful marriages. We are ourselves surprised to reflect that none of them turned out well—except, possibly, Edna's. And I am sure, from many talks with her, that she herself did not regard her marriage as a success but as a cross. And her husband seemed to be of the same mind.

Of the twenty-one who married between the ages of 20 and 30, nineteen turned out to be reasonably happy. One was divorced from a first marriage ruined by drink, and found happiness in a second (*Continued on page 29*)



"He's got the pile his old man left him," Cora told her. "Well, I won't hold that against him," said April

The Call of the Moth

By Hubert Roussel

Illustrated by Grant Reynard

FRACTURED hope may at the first be quite as painful as a fractured bone, and Archie Longman had possessed his injury less than fifteen minutes. Not so much as a groan escaped him, however, until he stepped out of the Fifth Avenue building that housed the Terra-Beauty-Pak Company's resplendent offices; then all he said was "Bah!"

He snorted, thrust his hands in his overcoat pockets, and strode off indignantly for his studio, which was in Waverly Place.

His fingers closed around the cause of his trouble, a carefully worded contract to do twelve decorations for the next year's Terra-Beauty-Pak calendar at one thousand dollars each. The first undetailed announcement that he would be awarded this contract—it had come over the telephone two hours ago and routed him out of bed—had left Archie vastly joyous; but now he regarded the thing with a degree of abhorrence. He could see in it only misery.

For two years he had been married to April Adams. If you are one of those who make an occasional pilgrimage to the Cherry Box Revue, you know that the accomplishment of a mere friendship with one of its stars would by many be considered something of a career. As for marrying one!

It was strange how Archie had achieved it. April got utterly fed up on male attention one spring and ran off from everyone she knew and hid in a little two-room apartment in one of those sober and subdivided old houses that line Waverly Place. Archie had a single room on the floor beneath, and he was doing his own cooking. Naturally, since he was not paying for this privilege, he kept his electric grill as far as possible from the hall door. The window sill seemed the handiest place for it.

But April's bedroom was just above, and, oddly enough, Archie's favorite breakfast menu was also her own: two squares of delicately brown toast overlaid with strips of fragrant, crisp bacon and fried apple, and a pot of tea. And it was perfectly maddening to wake to the smell of one's ideal matutinal meal and to realize that one must rise, dress, and go uptown to get even a poor substitute for it.

April stood it as long as she could, then one morning she leaped up, beat on the floor with the heel of her mule, and leaned out of the window.

"Stop it!" she cried vehemently. "Stop it down there, whoever you are!"

"I beg pardon?" said Archie, thrusting out his own tousled head and looking up. But as he saw April's face his scowl changed to a rather abashed grin. "Am I annoying you?" he asked.

"You are—with your cooking! It makes *me* so hungry I can't stand it!"

He laughed with relief. "Well, if that's the only complaint, come down and have some," he invited.

"No, thanks. I'll be satisfied if you close the window."

"But I can't do that without getting caught. You see, these are illicit victuals I prepare. I tell you, I'll bring you some if you'll promise not to divulge my crime!"

When they were married three months later Archie moved up into the apartment where there was a kitchenette and he could indulge his flair without fear of sudden raid. For April swore with great conviction that nowhere was there toast to be found like his and she would have no other. . . . And after two years she still swore it and they were still very much in love with one another.

So there you have the reason for Archie's humor. If he was to fulfill the contract in his pocket, it meant that in all probability he must steel himself to put April temporarily out of his life. The twelve thousand dollars could still give him a pleasant thrill when he thought of it apart from its surrounding conditions, but if to get it one must live for weeks and months in a barren desert without April—He swore and crumpled the contract tighter.

APRIL had fallen asleep again when he entered the apartment, and he did not wake her at once.

Presently, as he lit a cigarette, she stirred. One rounded arm emerged from beneath the covers and stretched out horizontally in a gesture vastly languorous.

"Toots?" she murmured.

Archie moved into the little aisle between the beds, sat down on his own, and took her hand. "All right, old salt."

She groaned under the final pain of awakening; then opened reluctantly one and then both of her blue eyes, blinked at him, and suddenly sat up and threw both arms round his neck.

"Brave, handsome, smart old Toots!" She laughed softly. "Back so soon! I couldn't have been asleep ten minutes. . . . Um, I see it's been over an hour, though," she admitted, glancing at the clock on her dressing table. "Ho-hum, well, what does it matter to the opulent? Is everything all right?" she asked, kissing Archie beneath his left ear.

He hesitated. "Well, it is and it isn't, honey. . . . I've got the contract all right—"

"Then what else—"

"Nothing. Except that I've got to go away for a long time," he blurted.

April drew back and stared at him in astonishment. "Go away?" she echoed. "From me? What on earth for, Toots?"

"Well, it's like this. Lon Taylor, the Terra-Beauty-Pak advertising manager, has decided he won't issue the usual thing in calendars next year. Every one of the dozen pictures in the calendar is going to be a land or seascape—desert by moonlight, mountains in the morning, canyons, rivers—grandeur and beauty of nature stuff. And the line under the pictures will say something about the Terra-Beauty-Pak treatment being Nature's own way to beauty."

Archie paused and regarded his wife with a tragic expression.

"Honey, the contract stipulates that I've got to go to Arizona to paint the first six pictures!"

April let out a little scream of horror. "Arizona! Oh, my poor dear old Toots, what a rotten assignment! Never! Give the old contract back."

He shook his head. "I thought of that when they told me, but I can't, honey. Twelve thousand is twice as much money as I ever saw, and twice as much as they ever paid before, too." Then he attempted to become reassuring. "After all, I've been thinking—it won't be unbearably awful. Say it takes me two months. You can get Cora to come and stay with you, and I—"

"But, Toots, who ever will fix my toast?" April broke in querulously. "It's silly to say Cora or I or anyone else can do *that* right."

She rose after another prodigious stretch, slipped on a dressing gown over saffron pajamas, and padded away to the bathroom. Archie passed back through the front chamber, which served as studio, den, dining-room, and library, and went into the kitchenette.

He was heavily thoughtful as he put on the teapot, switched on the toaster, and wrought for April three transparent golden wafers of ethereal palatability.

WITH the precision of the finished craftsman, he laid them on the plate just as she appeared in the door. She had added to her costume a pair of champagne-colored stockings and a cocky little bandeau of blue ribbon. She smiled up at him provocatively. "I tell you, there's nothing like a good hot plunge to get one's thoughts straightened out for the day. Stop looking so glum, old Toots. I've made up my mind. You're not going."

"Look here, Rilla," he began sternly as he seated himself across the table from her and poured an ocher pencil of steaming liquid into her cup, "do you realize that in three months I have contributed to the upkeep of this household the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars?"

"Well, what of it?" she asked with sweetly affected innocence. "Are you afraid my figure is in danger of being barred by the national board of stage directors?" She turned in her chair and critically examined both her ankles under a weak beam of sunlight. "No, Toots, no wolf is looking up our street address just yet. You know, I didn't marry you for your money, old shoe; it was your toast that captured me."

And she attacked that tidbit while Archie regarded her somewhat scornfully.

"Well, I happen to have married you because I love you," he said, after a while. "And I'm going to fulfill my contract because I've got to if I want to keep on living with you. I can't submit to being supported any longer by—"

"Now, Toots! Don't start that. You know this is a coöperative partnership."

"It can't be with you putting in *all* the capital," Archie retorted. "No, there's no use thinking up pretty ways to disguise it. For two-thirds of the time we've been married you've supported this household. It's just not decent for me to be in that position any longer. I've got to make some money or quit."

Archie paused and fixed his wife's eye. "Look here, Rilla, I can get a good stiff advance out of Taylor—and twelve thousand will support two people for quite a while. Chuck your blamed old job and come with me!"

She stared at him blankly for a moment, then burst into a rippling laugh. "Toots, have you gone entirely daffy? Where *did* you get this sudden and consummate gall? You've been hiding a talent, you old fox. Just what, if anything, would I do in the bracing air and the wide, open spaces of Arizona? Get up a benefit show for indigent squaws? No, thanks, Toots, I was born here in little old New York, and the tang of its soil is in my blood. This is where I belong." She became serious. "Oh, it's all too silly, don't you see? I'd never do a thing like that, and you can't either. We belong here together."

"It seems less than criminal to me for a man to want to make a living and to take his wife where he can do it. As I told you, I'm going."

There was a time when April's family name had been O'Shean. She brought a small white fist down upon the table. "I say you're not. It *is* criminal to desert a wife; a working wife at that! And it's worse than criminal to keep her arguing till her toast gets cold, which is what you've done now. Honestly, the only time you ever bore me, Toots, is when you try the role of the dominant male." She looked at her wrist watch. "Jumping minnows, it's nearly twelve, and I'm dated up for lunch with Cora. Clear off for me, won't you? Then take my advice and buy a copy of the Woolly West Weekly if you want to work off your virility complex."

She rose and scurried out, leaving Archie to keep company with his resolution. He knocked cigarette ashes into his cup until she returned dressed for the street, an almost childish figure in a gray coat suit and a dab of bright hat. Her voice was conciliatory.

"What will you do to amuse yourself this afternoon, my good sir?"

"Pack," said Archie heavily, looking out of the window.

April studied him with a quizzical light in her eyes, then walked over, sat in his lap, and kissed him. "Don't try for an altitude record in darn foolishness, Toots," she pleaded.

WHEN she had gone Archie sat for ten minutes staring at nothing. Then he rose, telephoned the office of the Terra-Beauty-Pak Company, and, going into the bedroom, began to gather up his belongings. . . .

It is commonly supposed that the April Adamses of this world are never greatly agitated by anything not connected with weights and measures, but no fallacy better deserves to be exploded. April was much more concerned than she had cared to let her husband see. But by the time she met her confidante, Cora Lynch, at a tearoom in the forties the virus had taken full effect, and Cora studied her in some anxiety.

"Sick, Prill?"

"No, it's not me. But Archie seems to have a breaking out of some kind. Come on, I'll tell you about it while we eat."

Now, Cora Lynch had worked in choruses for ten years before April lifted her first kick, and she was of a different school, though the only man who ever referred to it as the "old" school lived to bitterly repent of his words. The rest of the men who spent their time with Cora frequently remarked that she was too hard-boiled for any man to waste time on. So when April's rather hurried recital was finished Cora continued to munch her cracker and attend to her salad—meager and naked of fattening oils—without even looking up.

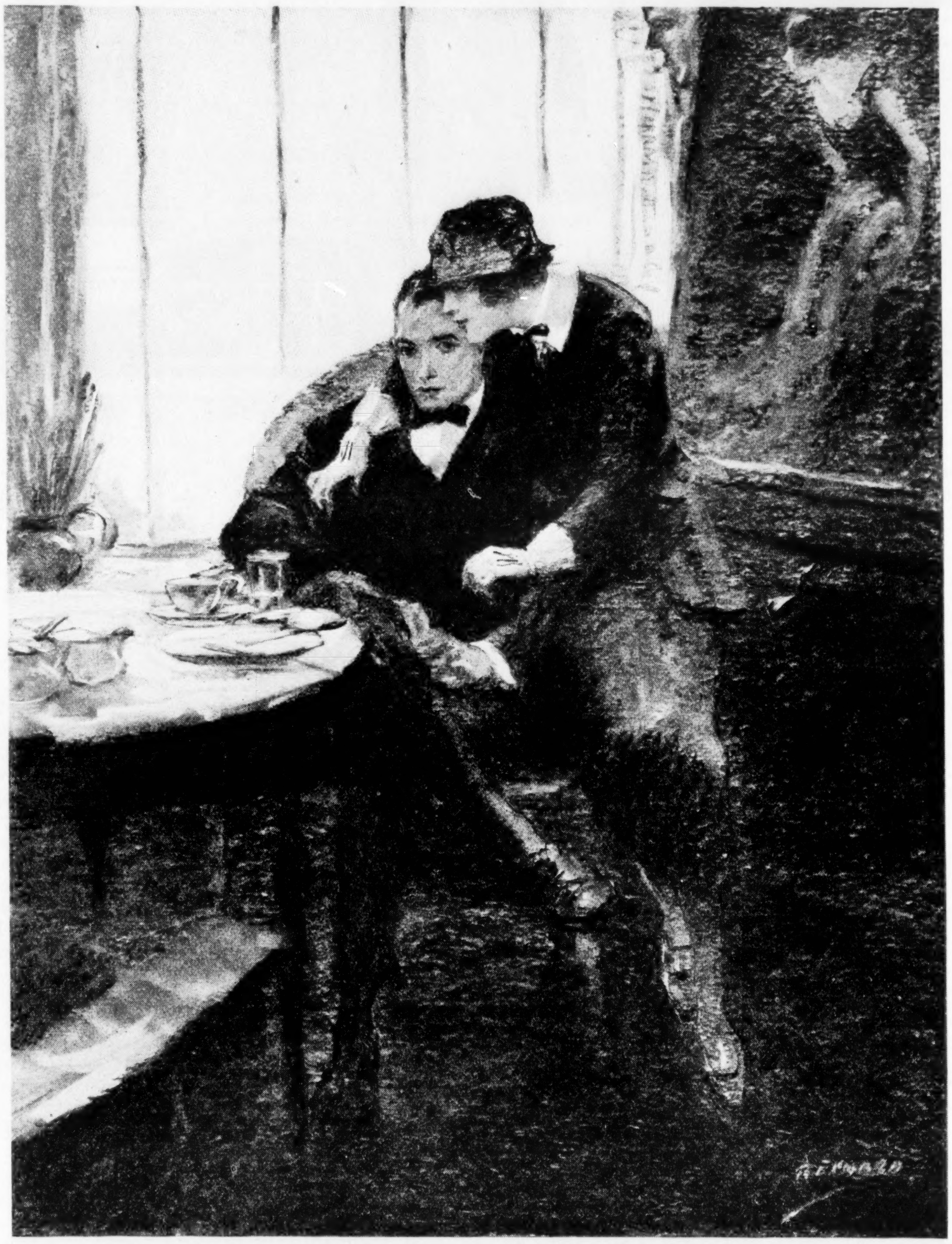
"Well," said April after a pause, "I'm kind of afraid the boy might really do something rash. What do you suggest?"

CORA looked at her with a condescension vast and crushing. "I never saw anything rash in a man's wanting to make money."

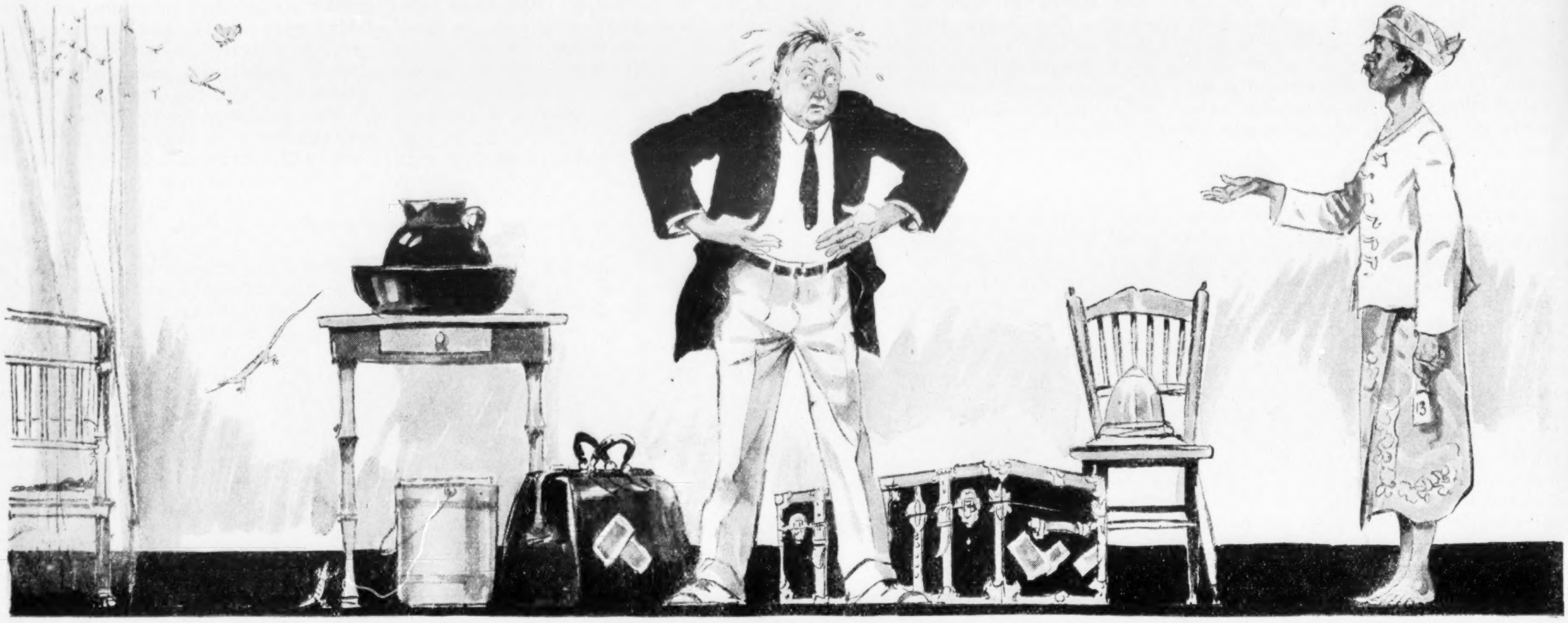
"But he doesn't need the money — we're getting along all right as it is. And I want him here."

"Then why don't you tell him to stay, and cut out all the fluttering?" Cora was mildly disgusted. "My Lord, Prill, you've had Archie running your errands for two years. Are you going to let him put over a tin-horn bluff at this stage of the affair? You're a woman and Archie is a male, and you want him to stay here—that ought to settle it. The only way to lose the argument is to forget you're a woman and try to argue with your head. . . . Look what time it is. We've got to hustle."

As usual, Cora's assured philosophy put stiffening into April; she felt a stinging sense of humiliation, for which she naturally blamed Archie. What a fool she'd been to blab everything about the affair! At the theater she flung her hat viciously into a corner of the dressing-room. He'd tried deliberately to harry and fret her—that was all it amounted to. He knew as well as she did that he wasn't going to stir out of walking distance of Fifth Avenue; but she'd had to run to Cora before she could trust her own judgment. Arizona indeed! . . . Darn the man that invented a hook-and-eye. . . . Well, he'd earned a dressing down and he was going to get it. And that, once and for all, was going to be the end of this silly— She made two final slashes with the powder puff at her bare arms, seized a walking stick and monocle, made a dash into the corridor as the orchestra struck up the introduction to her number. (*Continued on page 24*)



"Don't try for an altitude record in darn foolishness, Toots," she pleaded



"Rosebud," I coaxingly said, "I want a bath. Water. Splash! You sabe? Wet all over. Bath!"

The Funniest Place in the World

By Wallace Irwin

Illustrated by Tony Sarg

IN SAILING from New York to New York, it wasn't always easy for me to decide what was funny and what merely tragic. The tourist, naturally, goes forth to view the world's troubles in the lightest possible mood, and the American tourist is famous the world over for his generosity, his foolishness, and his spirit of levity. Were this not so, most of the Orient would cease manufacturing antiques and return to the essential industries.

In four months of happy, painlessly educational winter cruising over Magellan's course—which Dinty Moore, our philosopher, called the Hot Water Pipe—I found many things to chuckle over.

But for laughter uncontaminated by a touch of bitterness or cruelty, to all mankind I recommend the Island of Java. That is the funniest place in the world.

Java—carpeted with unimaginable foliage, trimmed with a dozen little spouting volcanoes. and managed by a conscientious Dutch Government with much energy and no sense of humor—furnishes a setting for the greatest comic opera yet unwritten. What can you do with a native population that wears pink trousers adorned with purple butterflies? Where can you put them, except in a libretto, addressed to the Shubert Brothers? Nobody could take them seriously—except the Dutch, who do so with majestical ponderosity.

We arrived at Batavia late one afternoon, to find the European population gathered on the wharf, one hand extended in greeting, the other tightly clutching a Chamber of Commerce prospectus of Java and its Illimitable Possibilities. The occasion was epic. Enormous white-clad Dutch policemen with immeasurable waistlines sweated up and down, making way for our progress into Java—Watch Us Grow. Two hundred and fifty automobiles, all of American manufacture, stood in serried ranks. We had merely to mount them and be whisked away, in full possession of the Batavia Boosters' Club.

The gentleman who had charge of the party, a glowing person with a fierce mustache and a habit of perspiring copiously down the latched collar of his snowy jacket, introduced himself as a Bubble Official. Later, when I got the key to his accent, I guessed that he had meant to say Public Official. But Bubble Official is a title not undescriptive.

"I talk English gude as everypody, don't it?" explained the Bubble Official, turning around in his seat and slapping his Chamber of Commerce prospectus as if for inspiration. "I haf been to New York twice und Cincinniddi once more. De Champer of Gommuss chose me pecause I am so American. Gude. Now I tell you apoud Java.

"You been to Ceylon? Jah. Dot vass a britty bum place, ain't it? No enerchy. No brogress. Eferyding sort of shaggy und vild."

"But we came to the tropics to be wild," I explained feebly.

"Vild?" he accused me with saucer-blue eyes. "Anypody can be vild. But ve do just opposite for Java. Ve make her tame, py golly. Look at dot und tell me vot you got in New York to beat it!"

I looked and observed, under the shade of languid cinnamon and allspice trees, a saffron-colored trolley car, peacefully awaiting passengers for several suburbs with speech-defying names.

"Just look at our hotels, if you vant to know someding. Java have got more snappy hotels dan anywhere of its size in de Orient. In Batavia ve got de biggest Y. M. C. A. vest of San Francisco. Read dis brospectus und learn vat diseases can be cured in our Hot Springs. Und ve got a Gude Roads Movement—"

My head was dizzy with flashing statistics, and meanwhile our car was whirring smoothly under arcades of palms which seemed to have been trimmed each morning and washed down with soapy water. They were truly Dutch palms.

I Have a Narrow Escape

PRESENTLY our car stopped. At the motion of our guide we stepped out. Before us was a rambling portico. At a long row of little tables sat fifty enormously inflated gentlemen in white pajamas, their pink toes twiddling over the veranda edge, their long cigars burning in unison. At our approach there was a flutter; fifty pairs of saucer-blue eyes regarded us beadily. Then two suits of pajamas—the widest two—came slowly to a standing position. I recognized their intention. They were boosters, carrying Chamber of Commerce prospectuses.

I escaped and went into the lobby, a vast, ornamental, echoing thing like the Grand Central waiting-room. The clerk—chosen undoubtedly for his superior weight and the luxuriance of his mustache—regarded me long and thoughtfully when I asked for a room.

"So. It iss a room you vish," he said.

"A good room," I insisted.

"On de first or second floor?"

"Oh. On the second floor."

This stalled him for a matter of four minutes, then he showed his large golden teeth and explained amiably, "Ve haf no second floor."

"Well, then, I'll take the first floor."

"Pilly-willy squeebub!" replied the clerk, which was confusing until I observed that he was addressing his remark to a very black man with a pink bonnet and a blue apron printed with green rosebuds. Rosebud hooked his fingers vigorously to my suitcase and led me rapidly through a most amazing mélange of architecture. The bedrooms were set along streets like rows of semi-detached houses in one of America's own-your-own-home sections. Every bedroom had a front porch where the luxurious traveler could, if he so chose, sit drinking tea, his feet out in the driveway to be endangered by a countless procession of flivvers, with which the island abounds.

Up to the instant when he had led me to my room—rather threateningly numbered 13—there had been no words between myself and Rosebud. A mutual embarrassment had stood between us like a high brick wall. But after I had shooed away three prankish little lizards which had been playing tag around a washbowl in the corner, I turned to Rosebud and found him standing in the door with his right hand extended as though it had been ossified in that position.

"Rosebud," I shouted, "I asked for a room with a bath. There isn't any bath."

His face was impassive, his attitude unchanged. As he stood there, his elbow stiffly crooked, I remembered an ornamental umbrella stand in my grandmother's parlor.

"Rosebud," said I coaxingly, "I want a bath—understand? Water. Splash! You sabe? Wet all over. Bath!"

A look of interest came into his dark, mysterious eyes. He smiled. He beckoned. I followed down through hidden corridors, past row on row of outside rooms, and came at last to a little inviting door which my eager slave opened with many bows and smiles. I entered expectantly and found myself in the midst of a merry group, leaning against a long mahogany counter.

I Prove Myself a Hero

THE explanation was plain. Rosebud, shrewdly guessing that I was an American, had led me immediately to the bar.

After that I gave him up—or thought I had—and applied again to the head clerk, who spoke rather chidingly: "Oh, it iss a bat you vant. Dere are forty-sefen in dis hotel—" and immediately he burbled in Malay and caught the attention of my waiting Rosebud.

The rest was easy, apparently, for Rosebud bristled with intelligence and conducted me down a damp corridor which ended in a dismal cell with a heavy oaken door. A large hairy spider guarded the entrance, disputing our approach. I slammed the door and examined my bathroom. In a corner stood a round concrete tank five feet high and approached by a step-ladder. In the gentle twilight I removed my clothing and stepped bravely up the ladder to the edge of the tub or cistern or silo or whatever it might have been.

Gently, appraisingly, I dabbled my fingers in the water. Undoubtedly it was inviting to the touch, but only the Lord Mayor of Batavia could tell me how deep it was. I gazed wistfully around and discovered what I had vaguely suspected. There was no soap. But I conceived the rather craven idea of sitting on the edge of the well, my legs in the water while I laved myself gingerly from the unfathomed depths below. It worked splendidly for a while. How gratefully the pure, soft water rilled over my steaming shoulders. Nothing like a cold bath in hot weather to—

Splash! In my ecstasy I had leaned a little too far and slid in.

All the world was blotted out for an instant. But in that flash of inspiration which comes to the drowning man I knew that my feet had touched bottom, which was reassuring, and that my head had gone under, which was not. I reached up and caught hold of something cold and slimy. It grasped me firmly around the body and lifted me again into the world of oxygen. Then it was that I saw who had saved my life. Rosebud, his hand still out for a tip, stood stolidly by my side.

After I had rewarded him with the price of my life, which was a guilder, or thirty cents, I permitted him to lead me to a large smeary sign in quaint English:

NOTICE OF WARNING
Tourist & Gentlemen Must Not Jump into Tub which Is for Water Only. To Bath Yourself Please Use Dipper by Pouring It on You.
THE MANAGEMENT.

Refreshed by my bath, I dined with the Bubble Official and two members of the Boosters' Club who occupied the space of four chairs. The Javanese Dutch, who have never heard of prohibition and were so provincial as to regard it as an American joke when I explained it to them, absorb alcohol stolidly, porously as a sponge absorbs the sea. Dinner is to them merely an excuse to change schnapps for wine.

The Bubble Official and his assistant boosters kept me entertained until rather late. Out of respect to the Eighteenth Amendment I drank practically nothing. But in a Javanese night practically nothing goes a great distance. I have a recollection of great rolling voices belching forth great rolling statistics to prove that Java was on the map—Watch Us Grow.

"Good heavens, it's one o'clock!" I exclaimed at last, springing to my feet. "I'll be late for breakfast if I don't go to bed. By the way, when *is* breakfast in this hotel?"

"Alvays in Java it is four-thirty," they explained in unison.

"In the afternoon?" I clamored, hoping against hope.

"In de morning. Ve moost start pusiness early to keep from de heat."

They wished me good night and a refreshing sleep. At a corner of the lobby I met Rosebud, who, for some unknown reason, was carrying my suitcase. In his other hand he held a large white card plainly labeled 13—my room.

Rosebud's Dreadful Mistake

ON THE front porch outside my room I spoke to Rosebud in the universal language of signs. I wanted a pitcher of water. I raised my arm in a gesture of drinking. He disappeared into the automobile-honking night, leaving me to switch on the electric light—Java is justly proud of her lighting system—and to go to bed.

I had just removed my outer garments and was reaching for my pajamas when Rosebud returned with a tall glass on a tray. I might have complimented him on his promptness had I not studied the yellowish liquid in the glass. I had asked for water and he had brought me whisky. However, I tipped him another guilder.

Now, tropical beds are peculiar. Furnished with a tall canopy and swaddled in mosquito netting, they look inviting enough. But how to get into bed without tearing down the netting and offering an invitation to Java's teeming insect life? Round and round my bed I walked, seeking an appropriate entrance, when my attention was arrested by a most disturbing sound—a snore, followed by an uncanny little whistle.

My superstitious eyes roved wildly round the room. Nothing appeared out of place until, in a far corner, I observed a half-dozen handbags and a pile of clothes, undeniably feminine. Now filled with a blasting suspicion, I tiptoed over to the bed and peered through the netting. All too true. Two spinster tourists of our party were occupying my bed.

In my haste of departure I knocked against the door and heard an acrid voice behind me mentioning Dirty Natives and a fixed resolve to report me to the management.

Out in the night, I discovered my mistake. Rosebud, with an unerring instinct for blunders, had turned Ticket 13 upside down and guided me to Room 31.

In a suit of pink pajamas and a tropical helmet I stumbled over to Room 13. And so to bed, as Samuel Pepys would say. But even then it was not so simple. With comparative ease this time I found the opening to my mosquito canopy, crawled in and resigned myself to the billowy perils of a Dutch feather bed when my repose was shattered by a series of screams.

I tried to collect my wits. The sounds had come from the next room. Then I remembered the occupants of Room 12—a certain Mrs. and Mr. Hammerschlag, products of the Middle West. On the ship Mrs. Hammerschlag was known as the Hymn of Hate and her husband as the Maiden's Prayer. The Hammerschlags were dying, that was certain.

I bounded out of bed and put on my pith helmet. Thus conventionally arrayed, I scuttled across to Room 12 and knocked on the door.

"Anything wrong?" I suggested calmly.

"Wrong?" Undoubtedly it was Mrs. Hammerschlag's voice. "I hate it! I ha-a-ate it."

"So do I," I sympathized. "But what is it?"

"The earthquake! Can't you feel it? This ridiculous island is full of volcanoes. Come in, can't you, and do something!"

I entered, turned on the lights, and found Mrs. Hammerschlag sitting up in bed and Mr. Hammerschlag lying prostrate as if in a swoon.

"The earthquake!" she repeated chidingly.

"It's funny," I said, "that the earthquake should happen in your room and not in mine."

"Anything could happen in Java," she moaned, and fell back on her pillow.

But no sooner had she lain down than Mr. Hammerschlag sat up and said in his small, professorial voice: "There's another shock. I felt it distinctly."

This news brought Mrs. Hammerschlag to a sitting posture and threw her husband on his back.

"There's another one!" she murmured. "It's bigger than the last one. Mr. Irwin, won't you take a chair and put it out in the street? They say when you're in the open air and sitting down—"

But I, who had been deducting with all the skill of a Sherlock Holmes, came out with a satisfactory solution.

"Mrs. Hammerschlag," I said, "if you will examine your twin beds, you will find they have been lashed together—for reasons known only to the Dutch—with a piece of wire. This effects a certain sympathetic action between the two beds. Mrs. Hammerschlag, will you please lie down?" Quite surprisingly, she obeyed me. "And now, Mr. Hammerschlag, didn't you feel the shaking motion?"

Yes, It's a "Vonderful Place"

"FOR the love of Mike," exclaimed Mrs. Hammerschlag, "I've seen some funny places, but Java takes the prize!"

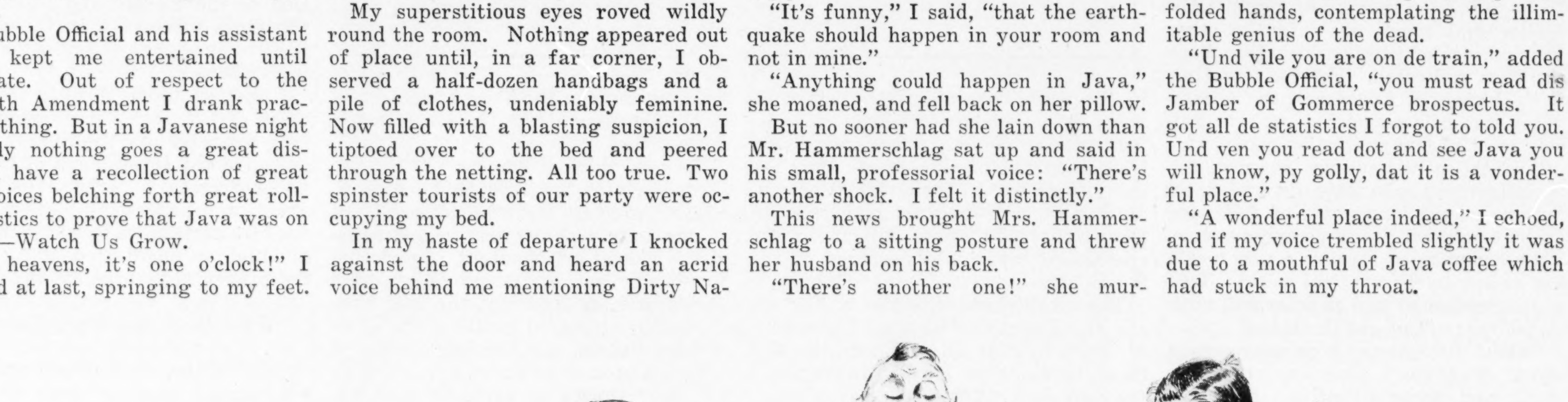
I took up my helmet and went out into the night.

The Bubble Official, beaming like a tropic sun, met me at breakfast while I was sipping that lukewarm combination of coffee essence and goat's milk which passes for coffee in coffee's paradise. He got out his prospectus almost at once.

I must stop at Buitzenzorg, he said, and see the most awe-inspiring public garden in the world. He talked like an Oregonian trying to sell me his native state. And Jokjakarta! Until I had seen it, he informed me, I had not seen anything worth while—and don't miss the magnificent, the unequaled Java Temple Dancers, showing every night at the hotel. And by all means push on to Boroboedoer, where stands a Buddhist ruin, under the eternal stars which makes the living worship with folded hands, contemplating the illimitable genius of the dead.

"Und vile you are on de train," added the Bubble Official, "you must read dis Jamber of Gommerce brospectus. It got all de statistics I forgot to told you. Und ven you read dot and see Java you will know, py golly, dat it is a vonderful place."

"A wonderful place indeed," I echoed, and if my voice trembled slightly it was due to a mouthful of Java coffee which had stuck in my throat.



The Javanese Dutch absorb alcohol stolidly, porously as a sponge absorbs the sea

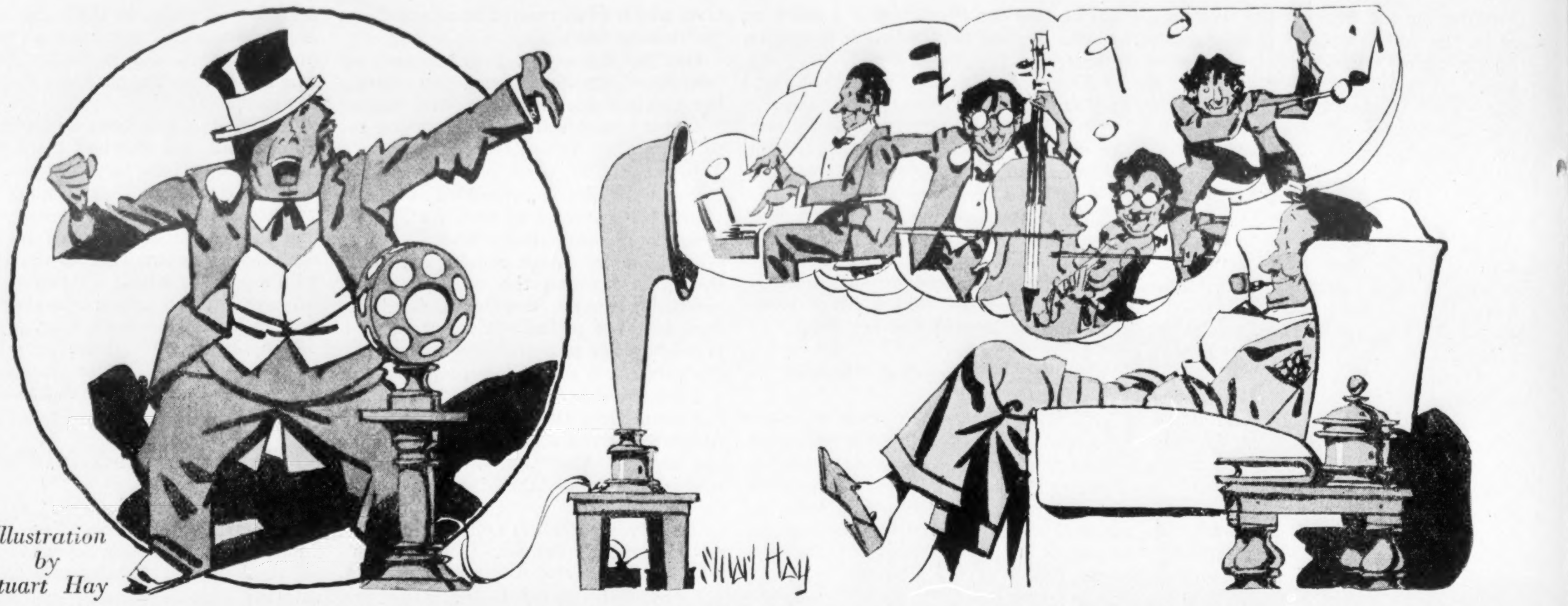


Illustration by Stuart Hay

He raises a languid thumb and forefinger, turns the dial one tenth of an inch, and the blah is gone

Blotting Out the Blah

By William G. Shepherd

Exit the windy politician. Enter the fellow who actually says something. For this relief much thanks—to the radio. Nowadays we are getting our politics first-hand. At least 20,000,000 of us are fed up on blah. And the politicians—are they taking their cue? Answer: the wise ones are.

YOU and I, and the rest of us these days, may have our ears on our 5,000,000 radio receiving sets, but you ought to see the gentlemen who have their eyes on the six hundred microphones at the other ends of the line.

Their purposes are political. Any of them are ready, at the drop of the hat, and whenever occasion arises, to place their wide-open mouths up against the sender and speak out into the ether vast masses of words which they hope our ears will catch. For the first time in the history of America, with the campaign not half completed, we are getting most of our politics by radio.

And the politicians are worried—especially those who have derived their living through long years of following ancient political practices and customs. They are worried because a new motto has arisen in the political world. This motto, condensed and popularized, runs as follows: "Cut out the blah."

"Blah," I might say in passing, means words that don't mean anything, or words and phrases that can have two or three meanings. Some of the old-time boys are so good at blah that they can use words and phrases that may have any one of a dozen different meanings. The blah record is pretty well distributed among all parties and all politicians.

Blah used to be considered helpful in vote-getting; it made no enemies, because words and phrases that don't mean anything can never crash into a voter's opinions and convictions. Indeed, the voter might read his own helpful meaning into meaningless blah and give his vote to the blaher.

To-day, Hooray, We Can Get Away!

BUT the radio blots out all blah. In the old days when voters sat in meetings and heard blah they either had to sit and listen or else get up, put on their hats, and walk out in disgust. To-day, so our political campaigners are discovering, the voter doesn't move his body one single inch to get away from blah. He raises a languid thumb and forefinger, turns his dial one tenth of an inch, and the blah is gone. But he remembers the blaher; and he will remember him on election day.

You can put it down, even this early in the radio campaign, that the campaign managers have decided that radio listeners are going to vote for the man who doesn't blah. Wherefore they are doing their best in their stables of candidates either to keep the blahers away from the radio or to kill it in the speeches of those who do stand at the microphones.

There's Richard Linthicum, for instance, who, at this writing, has charge of publicity for the Democratic National Committee. He said to the radio fan who is writing this:

"I think it's fortunate for the public that neither of the Presidential candidates will talk blah. They are both outspoken men. John W. Davis will speak over the radio a number of times during the campaign and what he says will be direct and to the point. You can't tune out on brains."

And then there's George Barr Baker, the chief of the Republican national publicity bureau, who said to me:

"The man who talks politics over the radio has got to talk sense in order to get a hearing. If he doesn't his audience walks out on him and he doesn't even know that he's talking to empty seats after having made enemies of all his hearers. The radio will entirely change political methods, I believe; it will knock the nonsense out of politics."

There are four hundred and thirty-five good jobs in the seats in Congress. Every two years the entire House of Representatives is cleaned out. Every one of the four hundred and thirty-five congressmen must go back to his congressional district and either seek reelection or see some other man sent to Washington in his place. It is estimated at the two congressional campaign headquarters in Washington that at least 4,000 men, through the country, are running for the four hundred and thirty-five jobs in the House of Representatives.

Besides this, there are thirty-two United States senators to be elected. Every two years the terms of one third of our body of ninety-six senators expire. Now that senators are elected directly by voters instead of by state legislatures, as formerly, the four hundred or five hundred gentlemen who, on various tickets, are seeking senatorial positions in various states are trying to tell their stories by radio in their respective districts.

The governors of our states are on the same level with senators when it comes to appeal to voters by radio. Congressmen, with a few exceptions, are elected from congressional districts; it is not necessary, except in a few small states, for them to make a state-wide appeal. But the thirty-five governors who will be elected or reëlected this year—and there are, it is estimated, two hundred candidates for these governorships—must talk, as the senatorial candidates do, to a whole stateful of people.

There you have about 4,700 gentlemen of various political faiths, seeking the higher jobs as senators, congressmen, and governors.

They all want to talk to us on the radio, and we are hearing politics over the radio, all right.

But—and here's a fascinating question—over *whose* radio?

Every broadcasting set over which candidates speak is owned by someone. Each broadcasting set costs from $2,000 to $25,000. Someone had to pay this money and establish the set before the candidate could reach us with his voice. And someone had the right—and exercised it, too—either to give or deny permission to the candidates to speak to us.

Behind the scenes, every time we hear a political speech, there is some man or company owner of the broadcasting set who either invited the candidate to speak to us or granted the candidate's request to do so.

Who are the men or institutions who say whether you and I shall or shall not hear a candidate tell his story.

I don't know a greater conglomeration of individuals and institutions in the United States than the owners of the five hundred and seventy broadcasting stations.

I checked up on them in the Department of Commerce in Washington not long ago. By law the Bureau of Navigation of the Department of Commerce, under Secretary Herbert Hoover, *must* grant a broadcasting license, for the use of a certain wave length, to any individual or institution that possesses the proper apparatus for broadcasting.

Who Does the Broadcasting?

AMONG the five hundred and seventy licensed stations there are eighty-eight universities and colleges; they lead the list. There are forty-five newspapers. I found fourteen department stores—three in one city. There are at least eight famous hotels. Twenty-six stations are operated by churches or religious sects. Ten theaters are among the country's broadcasters. Nine high schools, twelve clubs, one Y. M. C. A., six city governments or police departments swell the list. There is one circus. Owners of music stores, makers of phonograph records, garage owners, sellers and manufacturers of electrical supplies are all among the broadcasters. Among the fifty-four stations of five hundred watts and over—a 500-watt sending apparatus, by the way, costs from $20,000 to $25,000—there are the great corporations such as the Westinghouse Company, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the Radio Corporation of America, the General Electric Company, and the Western Electric Company.

Now all these owners of broadcasting sets—which have cost a pretty penny and which cost several pretty pennies more to keep in operation—own their sets just as I own my automobile. They can permit their sets to be used for certain purposes or not, as they choose.

They may even in some cases charge for their use. They can say who or who shall not have access to their microphones. There are no laws to regulate them, except as to the wave length they shall use. There is no censorship on the radio, except the indirect censorship applied by the private owners—they are all private owners—of the broadcasting sets.

This distribution of ownership among as variegated a lot of individuals and institutions as could be gathered in one group, accounts, in part, for the fact that much of the radioing which we are hearing in this campaign is of a local nature. Another fact that accounts for it is that politics itself is always local. Even the Presidential campaigns are made up of a vast number of local issues. Wherefore, even this early the campaign managers have discovered that nation-wide broadcasting, except for important fixed events, is not of great value. What a Presidential candidate has to tell the wheat farmers of Redwood County, Minnesota, or the corn farmers of Kansas, would not, it is now believed, get votes for him and his party in the cities of Chicago or San Francisco. It would be better for him, the managers tell him, to write a speech for farmers alone and deliver it over a broadcasting set that would reach farmers only. When it comes to talking to city folks or to railroad men or to factory employees, it is better to keep the farmer out of mind and not to try to reach his receiving set.

Up to this time, therefore, political broadcasting has been, with the exception of certain important fixed events such as the notification ceremonies at Washington and at Clarksburg, West Virginia, purely local in its nature. A candidate for sheriff doesn't need to seek votes beyond his county, a candidate for Congress doesn't want to intrude his appeal for reëlection into the congressional districts beyond his own, a candidate for a senatorship does not wish to speak beyond the confines of his state, and a candidate for the governorship finds no value in appealing for the votes of citizens outside the state.

A Surprise for the Democrats

IT COSTS money to arrange for a nation-wide broadcast of a speech or an event. The first experience of political leaders and political publicists with the radio came with the two political conventions.

The committee of citizens which induced the Democrats to hold their convention in New York City expected that the broadcasters would pay at least $50,000 for the right to put their microphones on the speakers' platform in Madison Square Garden. Not a single broadcaster made a bid for this concession. In the end publicists of the Democratic National Committee were forced to go to the broadcasters.

The broadcasters took the position that they did not have the right to offer, for sale, the doings of the convention. The Democratic Committee, of course, might make such an offer. The broadcaster stood ready to fill all orders from broadcasting stations on the eastern half of the continent; it stood ready to supply wires from station to station, but the orders must come from the Democratic Committee. The broadcaster gave figures of costs. These ranged from $1,405 for the first six days of the convention for a certain western station, to $420 for the same period to a station not far from New York. After the first six days, the price would be reduced to $216 a day for the most distant station down to $30 a day for the nearby station. It was on this basis that the publicity men of the Democratic National Committee persuaded various owners of broadcasting sets to take the convention service by wire and put it "on the air."

The same arrangement was made for the Republican convention in Cleveland.

The costs for broadcasting the Democratic convention through sixteen stations, reaching, it was estimated, 20,000,000 hearers at a night session, was only $9,500 for the first six days. Though the Democratic and the Republican national committees took all orders and guaranteed the broadcaster—the American Telephone and Telegraph Company—for all payments by local broadcasting stations, there were no losses. But the American Telephone and Telegraph Company made no financial killing by the arrangement. The broadcasting stations sent in their checks and squared their accounts and seemed happy with the entertainment they had given their patrons.

However, a considerable part of that $9,500 was spent for getting the wires ready for station-to-station connections.

"If I were a millionaire and took a notion that I wanted to talk to the same radio audience that listened to the Democratic convention, how soon could you give me the wires to hook up the various stations?" I asked an officer of one of the companies that broadcasts.

"In the first place, it would depend upon whether the other broadcasting stations wanted to broadcast you," he said. "If the orders began to come in from them that they wanted to hear you—and you'd have to get the orders yourself—it would take at least three days, if you didn't count the cost, to get the wires fixed. It would cost, for instance, at least $2,500 to connect Washington and Chicago, to say nothing of such other connections as might be necessary."

The whole game is so new that everybody I talked to seemed to be at sea about how to use radio in political campaigning.

"Suppose a socialist wants to talk over the radio?" one broadcaster asked me, "what can I say to him, if he's a legitimate candidate? But if I let him talk, what will happen to me and my business?"

He had the nubbin of the whole radio question in that query.

There are no broadcasting companies in the United States; no companies whose business it is to broadcast and to sell to all comers right-of-way through the ether. All owners of broadcasting stations, with possibly a very few unnamed and unknown ones, are in some other business or enterprise than broadcasting. Broadcasting is often an advertising sideline, or an institutional activity. Being in business or being institutions dependent not so much upon the favor of radio listeners as upon commercial customers or financial supporters, if they are religious or educational institutions, the owners of our broadcasting stations are not in any way duty bound to give to the public, through their stations, a hearing to every candidate of every party who comes along with a request to stand before the microphone and talk to us. Most of them of course would probably let their hearers have both sides of a political argument, in a sense of fairness.

Our broadcasting stations are not, as yet, considered public utilities.

They are too new, as yet, to fit into our national polity.

Different in 1928?

PERHAPS, in the campaign of 1928, we'll be looking back and laughing at the hit-or-miss way in which the campaign of 1924 was conducted over the radio. Perhaps we won't. Perhaps we'll still be dependent upon the favors of independent broadcasters. That word "independent" sounds pretty good, when you come to think of it.

Eighty-eight universities lending the broadcasting stations to all comers for the political education of the public—there's a fine ring and a fine promise in that idea.

By means of radio more than one old-time politician this year will dig himself into political quicksands, at the microphone, without knowing what he is doing. He won't have sense enough to stay away from the microphone. He will think that it is only a means of further spreading his wondrous oratory.

From now on, more than one old-timer will have his audience walk out on him and not know it, until election day.

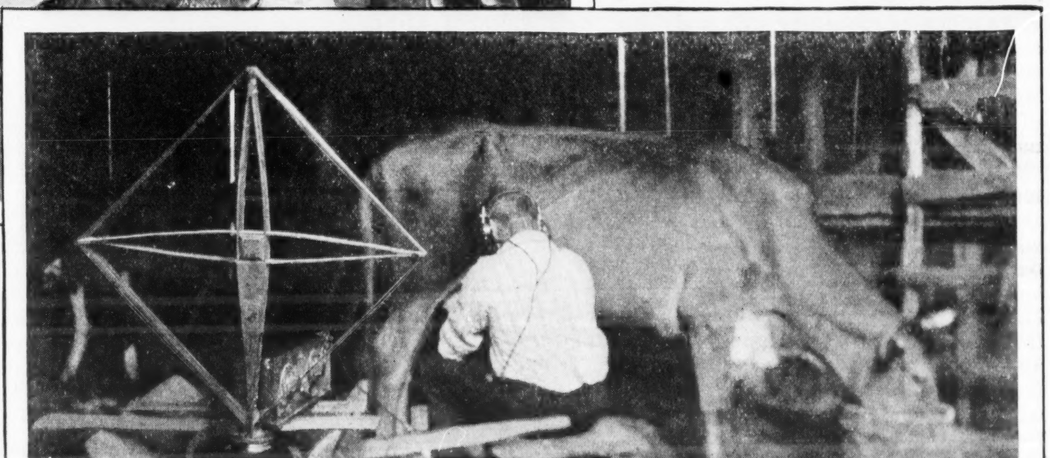
He will have suffocated himself in his own blah.

You can at least score that for the radio. And one thing more you may possibly score: Even now some of the wiseacres are prophesying that 35,000,000 or even 40,000,000 votes will be cast this year, thanks to the radio. The record is 26,786,758, not quite fifty per cent of the vote that might have been cast in 1920.

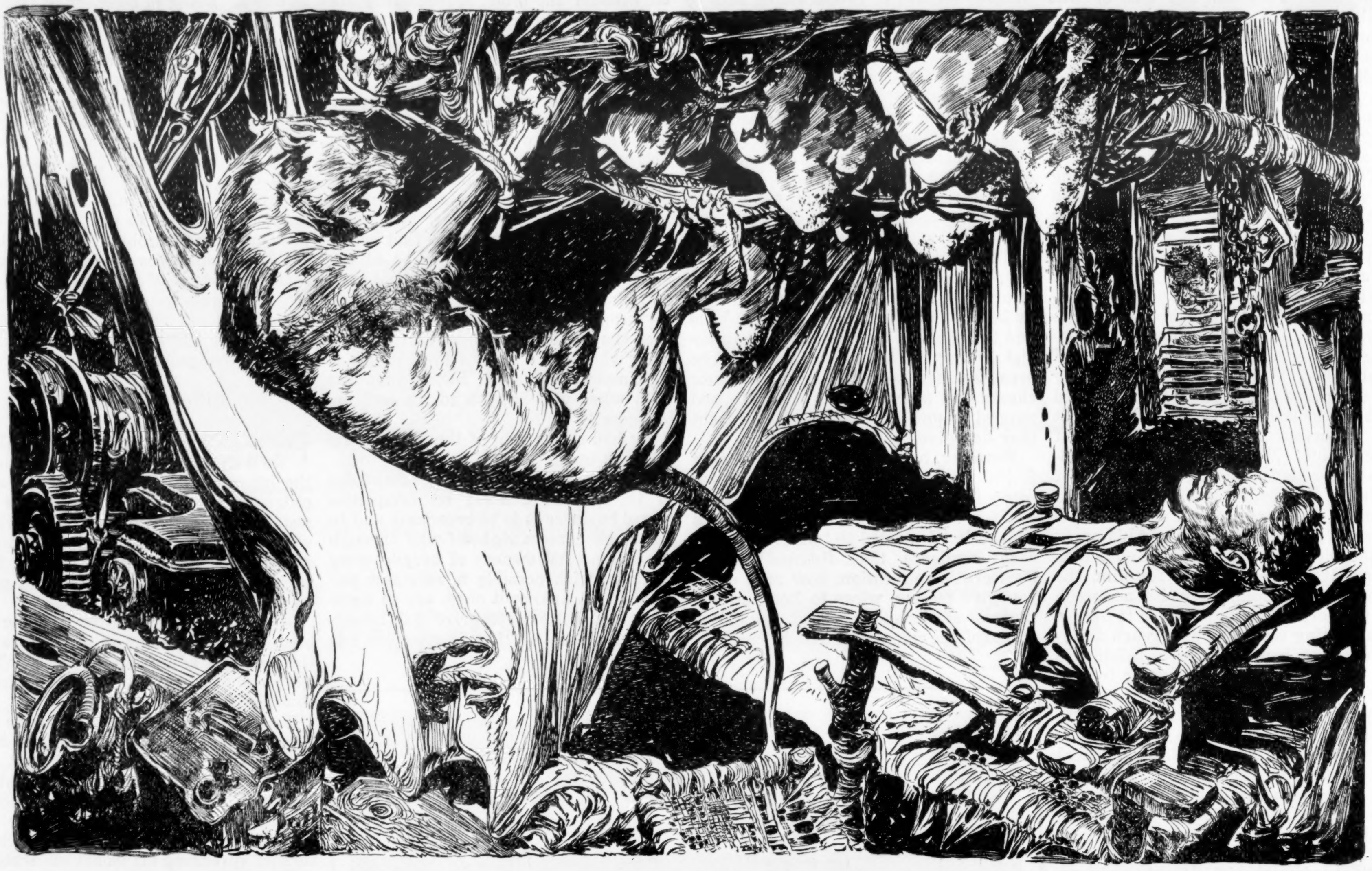
We haven't even begun to measure the vast change which may come to our land through the radio.

We are getting only our first insight in this first radio campaign. At least 20,000,000 of us are getting our politics first-hand this year, direct from politicians.

© Western Electric Co.



The voters are doing a lot of long-distance listening like this. Later they will do a lot of voting—for the candidates who don't put them to sleep



The great pendulum rushed back, carrying the biting, snarling lion. The American wrenched at the ropes that bound him

KALAMBO

By Douglas M. Dold

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

WHEN Owen Hewitt recovered consciousness, and found he was tied hand and foot, he struggled with stubborn energy until he realized the futility of his efforts.

There was a searing pain over his left temple. His body felt bruised, and now hot, now cold. His ankles and wrists ached cruelly where they were bound. Almost he believed himself in a dark, thick dream. But pain was rapidly stabbing his mind into its usual quick intelligence.

As a breeze rushed by with a sighing sound, he shivered, but in his gray eyes there showed again the vital personality which had earned for him the title of "Kalambo" (great lord) among the natives all through the Katanga.

Physically Hewitt was not a large man. Only his exceptionally broad shoulders indicated the strength for which he was noted. It was of his personality rather than his frame that one of his staff had said: "Hewitt's so big he loses sight of himself." Something of that mental bigness became apparent in the bound man's lack of fear as he lay on the narrow Sudan bed with its termite-eaten frame and stiffened lacing of remi. He looked keenly up at a tarpaulin which shrouded some bulky object overhead. Recollection was rushing back. His look grew fierce, and his short-fingered, square-palmed hands involuntarily clenched. Yet who had done this thing?

He recalled having cycled out of Chilongo, on his new bicycle designed for native paths. He had inspected the bridge over the N'Kando River. Then he had hidden his machine where the road gang had quit scuffling, weeding, and clearing.

Then he had hunted in the great Katela (salt marsh); had shot a duiker and some teal. These he had hung on a tree where his boys could get them. He had brought the duiker down close to the big pan (shallow lake), and immediately a number of natives had gathered. This had not surprised him, for after a kill natives and vultures appear like magic.

His own prestige would make them let his game alone, so he had given them scant attention, but had moved on in search of other game.

He remembered that, after he left them behind, he had leaned over in cleaning his knife.

Then somebody must have struck him down, for, from that instant, all was blank until he had waked up here.

No use dwelling longer on recollection, thought the American. He must try to discover, in his surroundings, evidence of who had done this thing. His keen eyes began patiently searching the high but narrow shack in which he lay. The door and both windows were open. There was plenty of light.

The corrugated iron shack was rusty. Its "magnolia" wood beams and uprights were warped and twisted by sun and rain. The floor planks were rain rotted.

Someone had been denning in the deserted shack, for on the floor lay mealie cobs, fishbones, and the litter and refuse of filthy humanity. In one spot the floor had been ripped away. Here smoldered a few charred sticks, recently quenched with water. A dirty blanket in the corner partly concealed a coat belonging to the uniform of the mounted police. What white man of that force could be hiding here among the natives?

The bed on which he lay was fastened to beams which formed the sides of a shaft. He suddenly and unpleasantly realized that he lay directly over the shaft itself, and that it was the shaft water making those gurgling, sucking sounds.

He saw a pile of jute bags, filled with what he took to be sandy rubble. They were roped to a section of steel cable which appeared to run over a wheel pulley. After this the cable disappeared from his view, seeming to dip down into a section of ceiling hidden from him by the tarpaulin directly overhead.

His anger mounted. His long jaw set. Some fool was trying to throw a scare into him, and should pay dearly. He did not believe he was in any real peril, short of an unexpected collapse of the shack supports. His head felt better now. His temperature seemed normal.

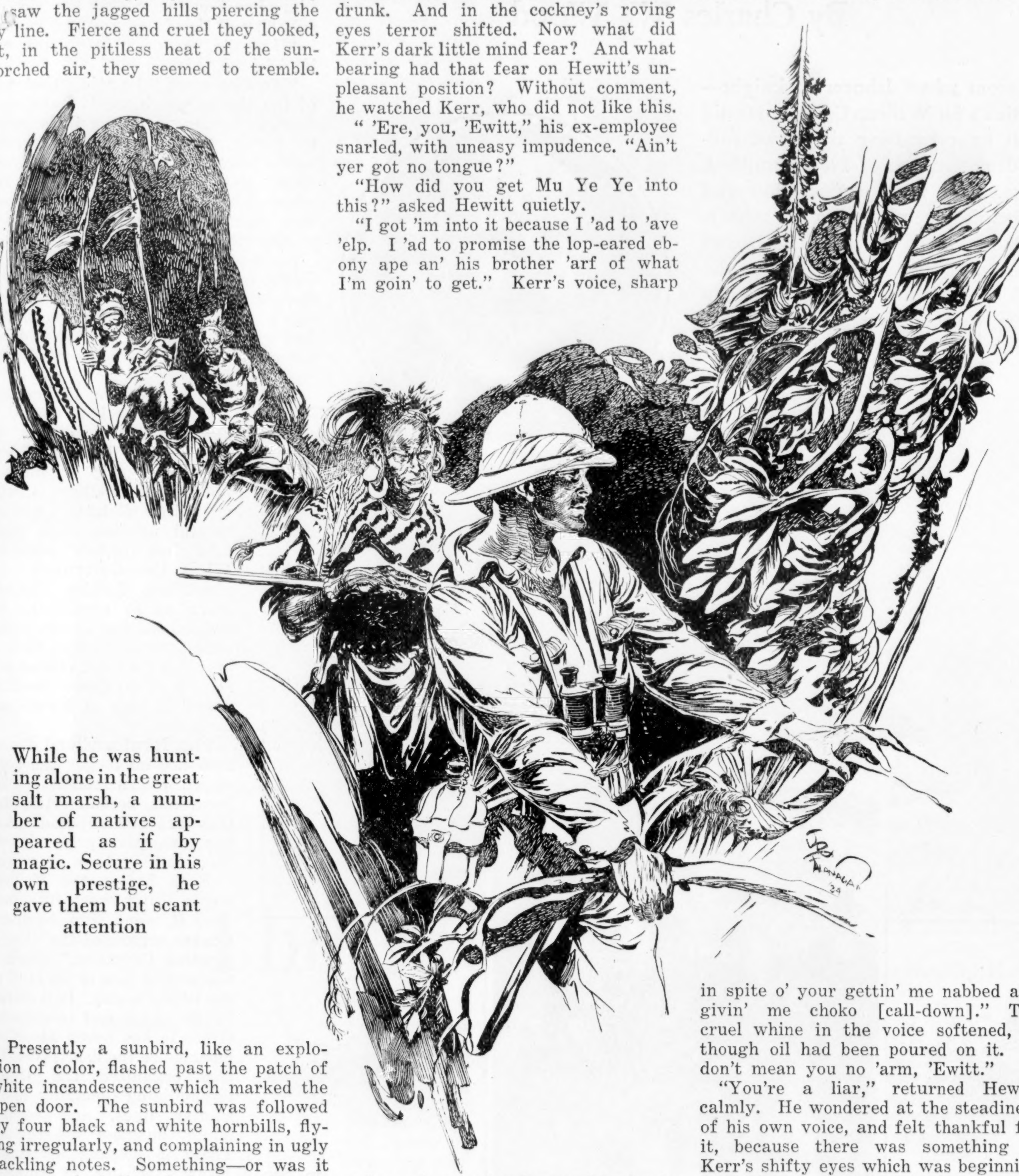
MEMORY only made matters more inexplicable. He had antagonized none of the natives. Even if he had, none of them would have dared stun and carry off a man of Hewitt's position. He had enemies, but no more than an American mining engineer, manager, and part owner of an English concession in the Belgian Congo could expect. And he could not fancy any of them doing what had been done to him.

How had his attackers been aware of his whereabouts? Only his Sudanese house boy had been informed on this. Charoba, his personal servant, would tell Marvin where he had gone, and why, but the telling would come too late, Hewitt suspected.

Rescue from natives was improbable, because they had been keeping close since "Blimey," the man-eater, had taken up his cheerful abode in this section. Already the brute had chopped (eaten) five of the wretched road-scuffling gang.

Hewitt's khaki shorts, flannel shirt, boots, and puttees had been removed from him. Why?

He lay very still, with every sense stretched. On the wall opposite grew a patch of violent gold lichen. About this hummed and darted a pair of polished black hornets. They wove jeweled patterns in the pale, jade air of the place. From time to time he heard the soft, rustling touch of the sycamore fig trees. Far away, beyond the swamp he saw the jagged hills piercing the sky line. Fierce and cruel they looked, yet, in the pitiless heat of the sun-scorched air, they seemed to tremble.



While he was hunting alone in the great salt marsh, a number of natives appeared as if by magic. Secure in his own prestige, he gave them but scant attention

Presently a sunbird, like an explosion of color, flashed past the patch of white incandescence which marked the open door. The sunbird was followed by four black and white hornbills, flying irregularly, and complaining in ugly cackling notes. Something—or was it someone—had disturbed them. Hewitt listened with such absorption he seemed to have no other sense than hearing.

A LIGHT, crafty step was drawing nearer. It might be "Blimey" or "Spotty Dick" (leopard). But Hewitt did not think so. He fancied there was in the padding approach something evilly human.

A squat shadow fell across the patch of light. It proved Hewitt's surmise correct. A squat figure sidled in after the shadow and for a moment stared down silently at the bound man. Hewitt knew the sharp, pared-down, white face on which brick-red stubble had sprouted. The bloodshot, black eyes roved slyly. The cruel, loose-lipped mouth opened in a mirthless grin. The mouth, in this, formed a black zero in the white face. It was Alfred Kerr.

As Hewitt's level gaze met the shifting orbs of the cockney, Kerr's gaze broke and fell. Kerr snarled:

" 'Ang me, 'Ewitt, but you're a rum 'un! Lyin' there quiet an' cool as a cowcumber, like you was tucked in an comfy at 'ome." Then, as Kerr saw that Hewitt was noting the fact that Kerr wore Hewitt's clothes: " 'Ow do you like the fit? I wish you 'ad a bit more belly. Your shorts is fair cuttin' me in two. I 'ad to let the 'elmit go. It was bashed when Mu Ye Ye let you 'ave it."

Hewitt saw that Kerr was all but drunk. And in the cockney's roving eyes terror shifted. Now what did Kerr's dark little mind fear? And what bearing had that fear on Hewitt's unpleasant position? Without comment, he watched Kerr, who did not like this.

" 'Ere, you, 'Ewitt," his ex-employee snarled, with uneasy impudence. "Ain't yer got no tongue?"

"How did you get Mu Ye Ye into this?" asked Hewitt quietly.

"I got 'im into it because I 'ad to 'ave 'elp. I 'ad to promise the lop-eared ebony ape an' his brother 'arf of what I'm goin' to get." Kerr's voice, sharp and cruel as a bandsaw, whined complainingly: "I 'ad to 'ave them two to put the blyme on. They was 'ard to coax in, they was. Said it was 'angin' palaver, the Bambala dogs, an' 'ung back till I promised 'em they should chop [eat] you."

Hewitt said coolly: "And having promised them half of what you think you'll get, and chopping me, and having used them to carry out your details here, you did for both of them."

KERR started violently. There was something uncanny in such accurate guessing. Then he recovered himself, and abruptly changed the subject:

"Let's talk of somepin' more interestin' than them dirty bushmen, the damned 'emp smokers. Wot do yer myke of them boards under yer, 'Ewitt? They're part of my invention. I thought it all out while I was doggo [hidden] here. Most of my little persuader is up under that tarpaulin. You can figger it's a fair perfec' invention, for I was the best mechanic you ever 'ad. Didn't I invent them punkahs wot worked on water wheels? Didn't I braze that copper and brass furnace? Didn't I patch them boilers for your ruddy company and save 'em hundreds of quid? What if I did overdraw me screw a bit? If I forged an order for liquor—it was only on spec [charged] and I'd 'a' put the matter right if I'd 'ad a chance. Yet I ain't got no 'ard feelin's, in spite o' your gettin' me nabbed and givin' me choko [call-down]." The cruel whine in the voice softened, as though oil had been poured on it. "I don't mean you no 'arm, 'Ewitt."

"You're a liar," returned Hewitt calmly. He wondered at the steadiness of his own voice, and felt thankful for it, because there was something in Kerr's shifty eyes which was beginning to make the American believe he had underestimated the desperation and audacity of this creature. The slightest bending to Kerr would be fatal, Hewitt thought. He demanded coldly: "Would I be trusted here if you meant me no harm? This is a land of locusts, lions, and liars. You're a filthy little beast, with the heart of a hyena. I found you a sick, starving stiff [white man who lives the life of a negro depending on native bounty]. Your own people wouldn't even treat you as a D. B. S. [distressed British subject]. Sergeant Rider begged me to let you be and save a lot of trouble and rope. But I wouldn't listen. I had you nursed. Made work for you—and you made trouble and stole. Even then I protected you. When the Belgians wanted you for the alleged murder of that black woman, I sent you south, on a grand-larceny charge, and saved your vile neck because there was doubt in the circumstantial evidence."

"No use gettin' shirty. It won't 'elp you chivyin' me," snarled Kerr. "A lot of good you done me, sendin' me south! Sergeant Rider, 'e knew me when my name wasn't Kerr. I found 'e knew all about a job I 'ad done in Port Elizabeth. It was 'im or me. So I give Mu Ye Ye a 'int on the sly. Then, when we was crossin' the Kundo, Mu Ye Ye an' me tips the dugout. Crocs got most, includin' Rider. Four of us got ashore. Mu Ye Ye an' me come here an' 'id."

Hewitt was so angry he forgot all caution: "You dirty gutter slum, you lie! If the crocs got Rider, what's his coat doing over yonder?"

Kerr started, turned, stared at the forgotten coat, spat, then snarled:

" 'Ave it, then. I bashed 'im in the coco when 'e crawled up on the bank."

Hewitt almost groaned aloud. Rider had been his friend, and he felt that Rider's death was, in a way, his own fault for not listening to advice about Kerr.

Outside a flight of doves flew by, with a satiny sigh of sound. As the day died the bush was losing its green; seeming to stiffen with shadows and crouch low, like a beast with belly to earth.

Kerr was nervously lighting a cigarette. Even in that paling light, the man's unceasing terror of the Katanga authorities shone in his eyes, in the twitching of his sharp face. Desperation pinched his nose. Hewitt perceived more and more clearly that this slum creature was at bay and therefore deadly dangerous. Kerr had some sort of plan for saving himself. If he, Hewitt, did not accede to it, the result would be death to himself. Involuntarily Hewitt glanced up at the bulging tarpaulin. Kerr saw the glance and smiled venomously. What had Kerr invented up there to beget that smile? The man was, as he claimed, a clever mechanic.

DOWN in the swamp the frogs began to croak. A chill crept into the air. Hewitt shuddered, for he was all but naked. The setting sun drenched the west with flame and spread a rosy mist of color over the unearthly green light. Then a low, rumbling growl arose, breaking through myriad lesser notes. It rose to a roar, ceased, and rose again. It was a nightmare of hungry, angry sound, and the bound man's spirits sank to zero.

"I 'opes 'e don't wind yer," said Kerr, and he grinned wickedly. " 'E'll be 'untin' till after the moon's up. 'Ungry as 'ell 'e seems like."

Hewitt made no answer.

Kerr stood listening, silent himself. He had no desire to attract the lion there. For what seemed to Hewitt a long time, there was a breathless tension in the air, but the man-eater roared no more. He slunk along the floor of the kloof, a cloudy, golden shape, noiseless and deadly.

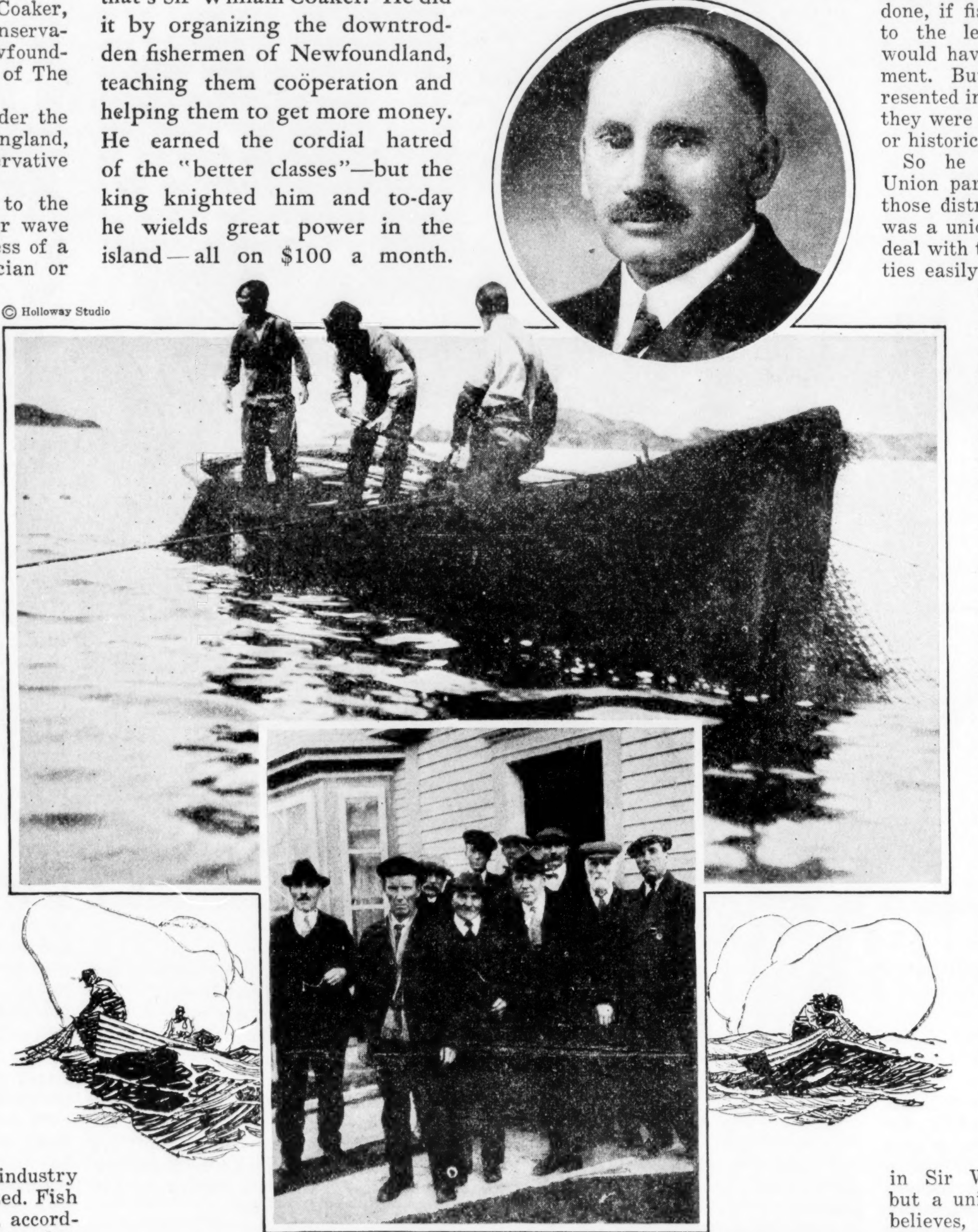
Kerr sidled into the gloom behind Hewitt. The American heard the gurgle of liquor and the coughing swallow, then Kerr's mutter of:

"This 'ere 'square face' keeps a chap's tail up." He once more stepped into the ruddy light of the doorway. An obscene red halo outlined his peaked face and knobby head, as the red bristles caught the light. There was a more savage note in his voice. " 'N'all I want of you, 'Ewitt, is a few words, an' no 'anky-panky. (*Continued on page 29*)

He's Sir William on $100 a Month

By Charles W. Wood

From wharf laborer to knight—that's Sir William Coaker. He did it by organizing the downtrodden fishermen of Newfoundland, teaching them coöperation and helping them to get more money. He earned the cordial hatred of the "better classes"—but the king knighted him and to-day he wields great power in the island—all on $100 a month.



© Holloway Studio

Newfoundland is an empire built on fish; so Sir William (circle) and his fishermen are really empire builders

I HAVE been talking with the moving spirit of the strangest labor union in the world. Probably he is the only labor agitator to be knighted by the King of England as a result of his agitation.

This man, Sir William Ford Coaker, is from the oldest and most conservative of British Colonies—Newfoundland. He is the executive head of The Fishermen's Protective Union.

And he was knighted, not under the present Labor Government of England, but under the preceding Conservative Government.

Sir William did not come to the United States to talk politics or wave any banner of reform. He is less of a theorist than any other politician or labor-union organizer I ever met. He deals with facts; and being a Newfoundlander, he confines himself to Newfoundland facts. But one cannot deal with facts for many years without discovering some truths; and one of the truths which Sir William discovered is that politics has become more alive and less rotten in Newfoundland since the fishermen began to vote as fishermen instead of as Conservatives and Liberals.

I met him at the Hotel Belmont, in New York City. They had had him knighted, I had fancied, because he was a philanthropic grandee who hadn't offended the better classes and had kept labor from becoming arrogant. I was 100 per cent wrong. He is one of the most powerful persons in Newfoundland; but for many years his very name was a stench in the nostrils of Newfoundland's most respectable citizenry. He was cursed for even attempting to organize the fishermen.

But William F. Coaker knew that the whole colony was dependent almost solely upon the fishing industry, while the actual fishermen were in a perennial state of insecurity and poverty.

Fishing is not a modern industry and it hasn't yet been modernized. Fish may be distributed, to be sure, according to modern business principles, but they still have to be caught in much the same old way. In his economic status, the fisherman is more like the small farmer than like the modern factory worker. He doesn't work for wages: he works for fish, and what he gets for fish depends upon what the state of the market happens to be.

The result was that the fisherman generally got for his season's fishing about enough to keep him alive until the next season began. Rarely did he have enough money to fit out his boat. He had to depend upon some trader to grubstake him. The trader furnished him with his food and other supplies, charging perhaps three times their value, and got in return a first lien upon the fish that would be caught.

Thousands of fishermen were virtually penniless from one year's end to another. They might have food enough to carry them through the winter, but they had no resources with which to meet the emergencies of life. They were not united in any way, not even geographically.

That was the situation as William Coaker saw it when he was a boy on the St. John's wharves. He was not a fisherman. He was a wharf laborer. Later he worked as a telegrapher. Still later he settled on a wild island and turned it into a farm. He saw Newfoundland, an empire built on fish, in which about the last person who had any chance in life was a fisherman.

Fifteen years ago, while still on his farm, he thought out his scheme for bringing these fishermen together. But he faced no easy task. He couldn't do it through printed propaganda; for the people of these scattered hamlets didn't read to any great extent. He couldn't hire a hall and have a big meeting. He had to visit all the hamlets personally and talk to groups of forty or so at a time.

Coaker is one of those rare phenomena of human energy who seem to be capable of doing the work of a hundred ordinary men. Rooseveltian is probably the word. For instance, in one year, in addition to speaking and traveling and editing a paper in which almost every printed word was his own, he wrote 3,000 letters with his own hand. In three years he had the Fishermen's Protective Union fairly under way.

Then the vilification began in earnest. Coaker replied by declaring the "Fishermen's Union price" for fish. Somehow, he always got it too. He was canny. He didn't set impossible prices. All along the coast "Mr. Coaker" was hailed almost as a Messiah. "Sink or swim with Coaker" was the fishermen's slogan. Whenever he visited a hamlet every blunderbuss was pressed into duty to give him a royal salute. Nobody, however, thought of calling him "Sir William" then. The fishermen called him "Mr. Coaker." Others called him almost every epithet the rich vocabulary of Newfoundland had in stock.

"How did you come to go into politics?" I asked him.

"We discovered," he said, "that a lot of the things which would have to be done, if fishing were ever to be raised to the level of decent employment, would have to be done by the Government. But the fishermen were not represented in the Government. Politically they were divided according to religious or historic traditions.

So he organized the Fishermen's Union party. He organized it only in those districts where almost everybody was a union member. Then he made a deal with the Liberals, and the two parties easily overthrew the Tory Government.

Last year the Fishermen's Union party had twelve of the thirty-six seats in the Newfoundland Parliament; and with this balance of power Sir William Coaker virtually dictated governmental policies. The union now has 25,000 members. When the Government advised the British Colonial office as to candidates for knighthood one of the names submitted to it was that of probably the most vilified person in the three hundred years' history of Newfoundland.

The Newfoundland fishermen are no longer the serfs of St. John's traders. They have not become rich, but they are emancipated. And business, strangely, doesn't seem to have been destroyed.

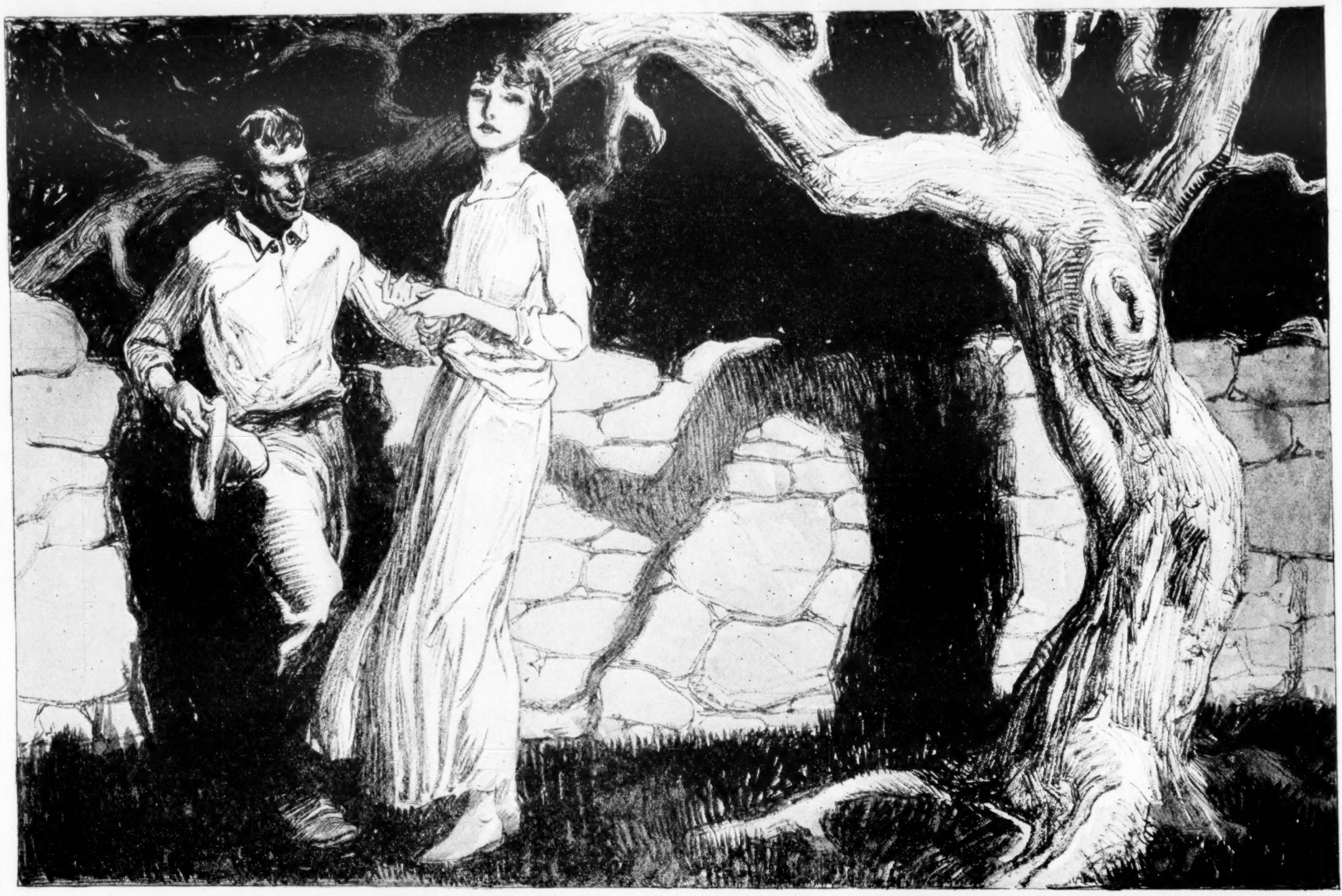
Even before the Fishermen's Union went into politics, it went into business. Coaker organized the "Union Trading Company," which is the largest firm of its kind on the island to-day. It is owned by the union and is coöperative. It has never aimed to monopolize the fish trade. He also organized the Union Shipbuilding Company, along similar lines, and several minor business enterprises.

There is nothing socialistic in Sir William's scheme of things; but a union dealing with business, he believes, must know something about what business is.

And how is this Soviet of Fishermen, I wondered, affecting the general business situation in the island of Newfoundland?

The answer is that, not the Conservatives nor the Liberals, but the Fishermen's Union party has taken the lead in encouraging the industrial development of the island's resources. Sir William himself went to England and secured the coöperation of the Armstrong-Whitworth interests in the development of Newfoundland's pulp and paper resources; and at the instance of the Fishermen's Union party the Newfoundland Government guaranteed their bonds. The largest newsprint mill in the world is now being erected.

Although he is not a socialist, and believes in the capitalist system, it is interesting to note that he himself has utterly neglected to get rich. He works on a salary as chief executive of the Fishermen's Protective Union and of its subsidiary business enterprises. His salary is $100 a month.



All the fabric of her dreams came tumbling down. The path that had seemed beautiful became ugly with dark mire

The Mountain

By Ben Ames Williams

Illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops

Chapter VI

THE dancer had bidden Dave return, and he had come back to her, not knowing why he came except that he could not stay away. There was no purpose in this coming; he was simply her captive, obedient and yielding even though he did not submit. He came back because he must come back; came back because only by having her actually before his eyes could he banish from them that tormenting memory of her, as like a flame she danced in the moonlit wood about the fire.

He came not eagerly but reluctantly, miserably, drawn against his will and he sat down at her feet, still in his mood of dull submission, and trembled rigidly as her fingers touched his hair. When she asked what he would say to her, he found nothing to say, and the woman smiled, amused at his helplessness and faintly scornful. The fact that he was so rude and strong a figure had caught her fancy; so soon as he was shorn of his strength, he lost all power over her imagination. Nevertheless she was interested to see what he would do.

"Did you come to talk about your daughter?" she asked again.

He snatched at that. "I guess so," he said.

She said reproachfully: "I thought it might have been because you found it pleasant just to talk to me. Did you not find it pleasant, last night, upon the Mountain over there?"

His eyes followed her gesture. The moon was now so high that it silvered the nearer flank of the Mountain, softening the outline of the dark spruces and digging deep wells of blue among the pits between their rearing crests. Birches, scattered here and there in the darker growth, gleamed white as snow, yet not distinctly; rather like a faintly blurred high light on a master's canvas. The lighter color of their tops lent the mountainside somewhat the character of a rude mosaic. The whole assumed form and pattern, full of triangles and rectangles and lines and angles and circles and squares.

FROM such design ancient weavers of rugs must have patterned their products, when the frost in fall intensified the colors and sharpened every line. Dave's eyes rested on this familiar spectacle, clinging to it because it was familiar, because it was the only normal and natural thing in his present universe.

"Was that not why you came back," she asked again, "so that once more we might talk together, in the moonlight?"

"I couldn't get to sleep," he said harshly. She smiled above his head, but there was no mirth in her tones as she replied.

"Thinking of what I said about your daughter," she assured him.

He caught at this too. "What is your idea, anyhow?" he demanded, and turned roughly so that he could see her face and read her eyes. "What have you gone and put in her head?"

"You ought to ask what has life put in her body?" she told him quickly. "That is the answer. It is nothing I have done. But there is music in her, the temperament that responds, quickens, beats, lives to a rhythm, and there is beauty in her, which manifests itself in every movement she makes unconsciously. You do not know about such matters, my friend, but I tell you the world will go mad over her."

"Why?" he insisted.

"Because she is beautiful," she explained pityingly. "Do you not see this much?"

"I know she's kind of pretty."

The dancer threw up her hands with a laugh. She touched Dave's shoulder. "Listen to me," she said steadily. "Do you also know that you are blind? Oh, it must be that you are blind. No one but a blind man could live here as you do, at the foot of the Mountain there, and not bow down before it. If you saw beauty, you would spend your hours upon its crest, where you found me last night, resting your eyes, feasting them. Do you not know that the land all about you is lovely beyond description? You do not know this. This is quite plain. So I must tell you that it is all wonderful. I will make a little catalogue for you, my stupid friend."

SHE touched the fingers of one hand with the finger of another as though enumerating.

"The birch trees. The dark evergreens on the steep slopes. This silver pond among the woods. The tawny meadows. The blue veil across far hillsides. The white clouds like pearls against the bosom of the sky. The little streams with wet moss upon their bowlders. The straying branches of the cedars. The pastures mottled with dark green or gray where old bowlders, cloaked in evergreen, break the sod. And so, finally, your daughter. These things, all about you, are beautiful, my friend. It is time your eyes were opened to the fact."

He said stubbornly: "What are you getting at?"

"To open your eyes."

"My eyes are open," he retorted.

"What do you see? In these things I have enumerated, what do you see?"

He answered gropingly, "Why, I like

Friends of Mr. Sweeney:

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to see a good stand of lumber, or cordwood, well as any man. Or a trout brook, either, when I can get the time. Or a meadow with a stout stand of hay. And I can see Jennie's pretty."

Her chin lifted as she laughed aloud, and her laughter rang in the night. "But what a man," she cried.

"I don't get much chance to set and look at things," he retorted, resenting her mirth. "I have to keep going."

"What do you do?" she asked. "What are these matters which so engage you?"

"Why, I've got horses and cattle to feed, and cows to milk, and chickens to take care of, and there's wood to get in, in winter, and the farming to do in spring, and haying, and picking the apples. There's always a pile to do."

"Tell me," she suggested, suddenly curious. "I do not mean to be impertinent, but tell me. Do you earn a great deal of money by such toil?"

"I do pretty good."

"How much? In a year, how much?"

"Why, in a good year I'll save up two-three hundred dollars." His tone was one of just pride, for Dave's farm was, for the locality, prosperous enough, and he knew this well. "Cash money," he added.

She considered this, almost awed by his simplicity, and at last she said slowly: "Do you know that your daughter can earn much more than that—can earn that much in a night, if she will come with me?"

"There ain't any sense in it," he retorted.

"Not to such a one as you," she replied. "But those who love beauty pay well to satisfy their love; they will pay to watch her, night after night. And they will adore her, and she will be happy." She cried indignantly. "But it is wrong to keep such a one here. Forever at the foot of the Mountain."

"She goes up there to pick the blueberries," he said literally.

THE dancer snatched at this reply. "This is like what you are, my friend," she told him. "You go up there only to toil; never to look about you. You would not dwell there. You prefer to huddle here at the foot. But I tell you there are people who live forever on the mountaintop."

"The wind blows hard up there," he told her. "It's all right to have your farm buildings on an ordinary hill—warmer than the valleys. But up there, I want to say, she blows."

She nodded. "Yes, yes," she agreed. "It is perhaps more comfortable here." Her indignation flamed. "Comfortable! Oh, but you are like an animal, hiding in a hole."

He returned stubbornly to his daughter. "It's a good farm, and Jennie likes it."

"Your wife likes it too," she suggested scornfully. "I have seen her, remember. Even now I can see that once she was young and beautiful. You thought her 'kind of pretty,' perhaps. She might be so still, if you dwelt elsewhere. Your daughter might always be as beautiful as now."

"Women get old," he said dogmatically.

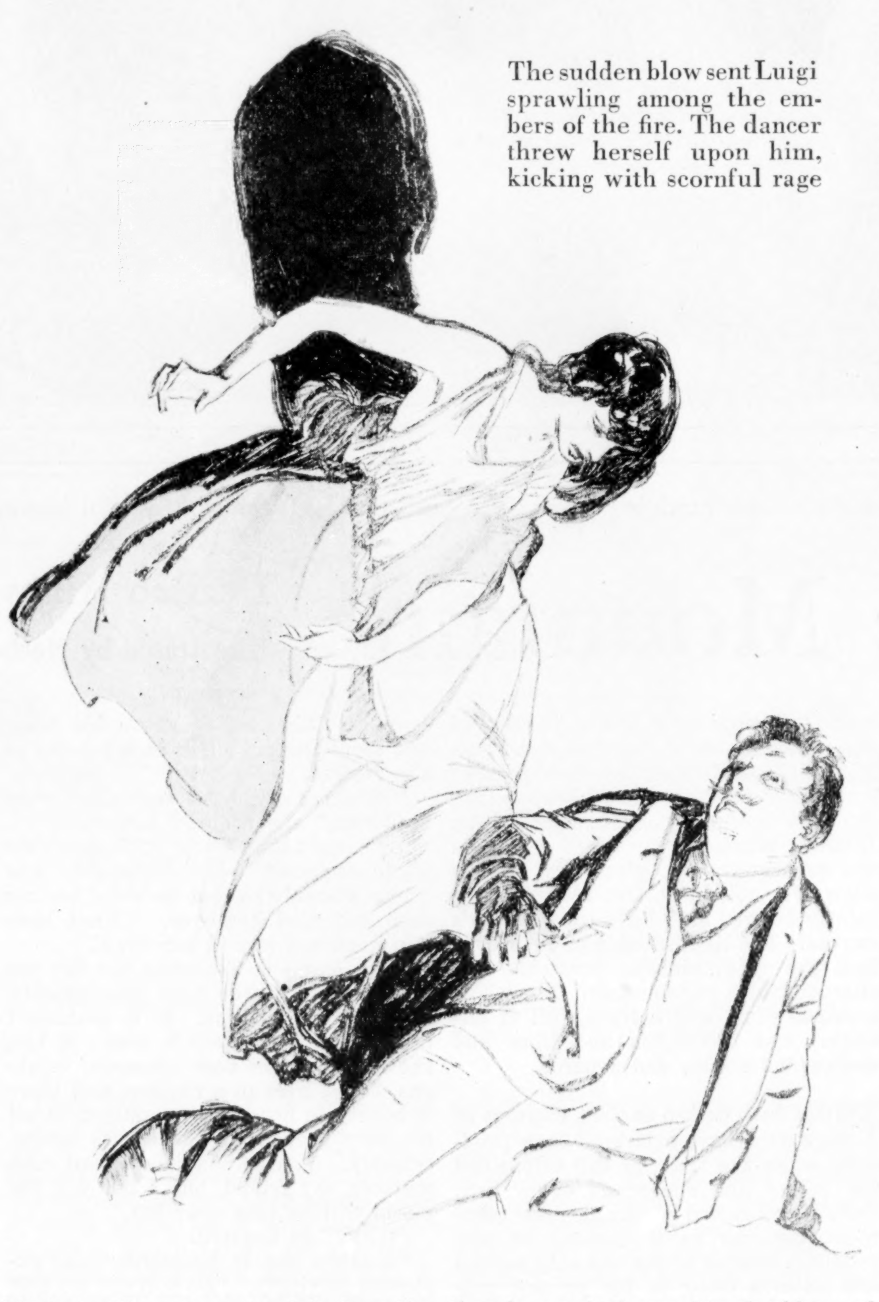
She laughed. "Not to-day, my friend," she told him wisely. "Turn here, and look at me." She put her hands under his chin and turned his head around and bent till her face was close to his. "I have years upon me. How many, do you suppose? Never repeat this, for you would not be believed. How old is your wife? Past forty? I thought so. Well then, so am I!"

She held his face in her hands and forced him to meet her eyes—felt his head move as though in negation.

"You do not believe? But it is true. But to your wife beauty was nothing; to me it is all. So she serves the daily task, but I serve my beauty. Is it not worth it, my friend?" Her tone was soft. "See how my skin is smooth and clear; see how my hair is soft and heavy. Are there wrinkles and hollows in my throat? I think there are not. Look and see."

She was leaning over him, still holding him fast; and a sudden impulse moved her. "Are your wife's lips as soft and smooth?" she asked. "Have you forgotten, since a little while ago? Then try and remember, another time." She bent nearer still; and Dave shuddered and shook, but he did not move.

HE DID not move, but the woman did. She flung back with a low cry. At the same time Dave was struck a violent blow, and he felt the sharp and burning thrust of a blade in his shoulder. He fell from the steps of the van upon his side, and someone was atop him. But with a quick movement, as automatic as that of a cat, Dave flung this other man away bodily and came to his feet. The other sprawled along the ground and in his hand something gleamed. He came to his feet with an outcry like that of an animal, and Dave perceived that this other man was Luigi. Luigi attacked.



The sudden blow sent Luigi sprawling among the embers of the fire. The dancer threw herself upon him, kicking with scornful rage

The encounter was ridiculous on its face. Luigi was short and puffy and weighted down with surplus flesh; only his anger, his passionate rage, now gave him strength. Dave on the other hand, though the shallow wound along his shoulder burned and burned, was fit and strong, his muscles alert to his command. A little crouching where he stood, he awaited the other's attack.

Luigi slashed with his knife, and Dave caught that fat wrist and pinned it, and with the other arm encircled Luigi's neck and held him close, stiflingly. He felt the violinist's teeth seeking for a hold in the firm flesh of his chest, and with a wrench he swung the other way. Luigi cried out with pain and the knife whirled in the air and fell. He scrambled to cover it, but Dave was before him, crowding him back, and then a blow sent Luigi sprawling and left him sobbing with pain among the scattered embers of the fire.

This much had passed so quickly that the dancer scarce had time to stir, but now she threw herself between them, threw herself upon Luigi, kicking with a scornful rage. He cried out in his own tongue, and she replied, berating him, abusing him with a vehemence which distorted her countenance, shattered the fair serenity which she habitually wore, made it suddenly possible for Dave to believe that she had said the truth about her age. He had picked up the knife and fingered it curiously; then he reached over his shoulder and felt where it had scratched him. The wound was bleeding freely, but it was not deep. He was accustomed to ignore such trivialties, and he forgot it now in watching the scene before him.

Luigi and the dancer had forgotten he was there. Luigi, on his feet again, was replying to her invectives with a fury and a violence equal to her own. She was no longer feminine, except in the sense that a fury is feminine. Her hair, which had flowed in such orderly and beautiful fashion across her shoulders, fell into straggling strands; her smooth neck now revealed cords and pulsing veins; her robe was disarranged, and she ignored this fact.

It was as though she had been suddenly unveiled; to Dave it seemed that he now looked upon a stranger. This woman who had seemed to him so beautiful, who by her own account served beauty always, was become as hideous as any common scold. In the venom of her tones there was the acid of base malignity; in her words, strange though they were to Dave's ears, there was the ferocious and uncontrolled abusiveness of the gutter.

Their voices were raised to top pitch; they must have been audible at a far distance. Dave wondered uneasily if any one could hear, and looked around, and saw Bob Holder coming toward him, running, through the birches on the slopes. He would have been willing to escape, but there was no longer possibility of that. Bob come to his side, caught his arm. "What's the matter, Dave?" he asked.

Dave lifted the knife and answered, staring at it as though still bemused. "He stuck it into me." He had been under such a spell that he was slow to return to normal again. Ordinarily quick to anger, he felt as yet only bewilderment.

"Who is he?" Holder asked; and the dancer, who had seen the young man come, heard this question and flung a word over her shoulder that they could understand.

"A pig of a dog!" she cried.

Bob stared at her, and Dave said slowly: "Look at my shoulder Bob. Just a cut, ain't it?"

Bob obeyed. "Not deep," he replied. "But, say, I'm going to take a hold of him."

DAVE shook his head. The dancer at the same time drew back from Luigi, who had been beaten into silence by the vehemence of her anger. She faced Dave and Bob; and her hair straggled across her cheeks and her eyes burned and her teeth were bare in something like a snarl. "He will mind himself now, the snipe," she explained.

She looked at Dave. "Has he hurt you?"

Dave said slowly: "Not to matter." There was growing anger in his tone, bleak disapproval in his eyes; and she sensed this and flung around toward Luigi again, uttering a harsh command. Luigi suddenly climbed the steps of the van and disappeared, inside, and she lifted her head triumphantly.

"What's he go in there for?" Dave asked, slow understanding dawning.

"I have told him to put himself to bed," she replied. "Bah! Such a dog that he is. Because I have been kind to him, he must assume that I can be kind to no one else." She managed a smile and moved nearer to Dave and put her hand on his shoulder. He was startled to discover how hideous she was, thus smiling. "But I will be kind to whom I choose," she said huskily. "You shall see that, my friend."

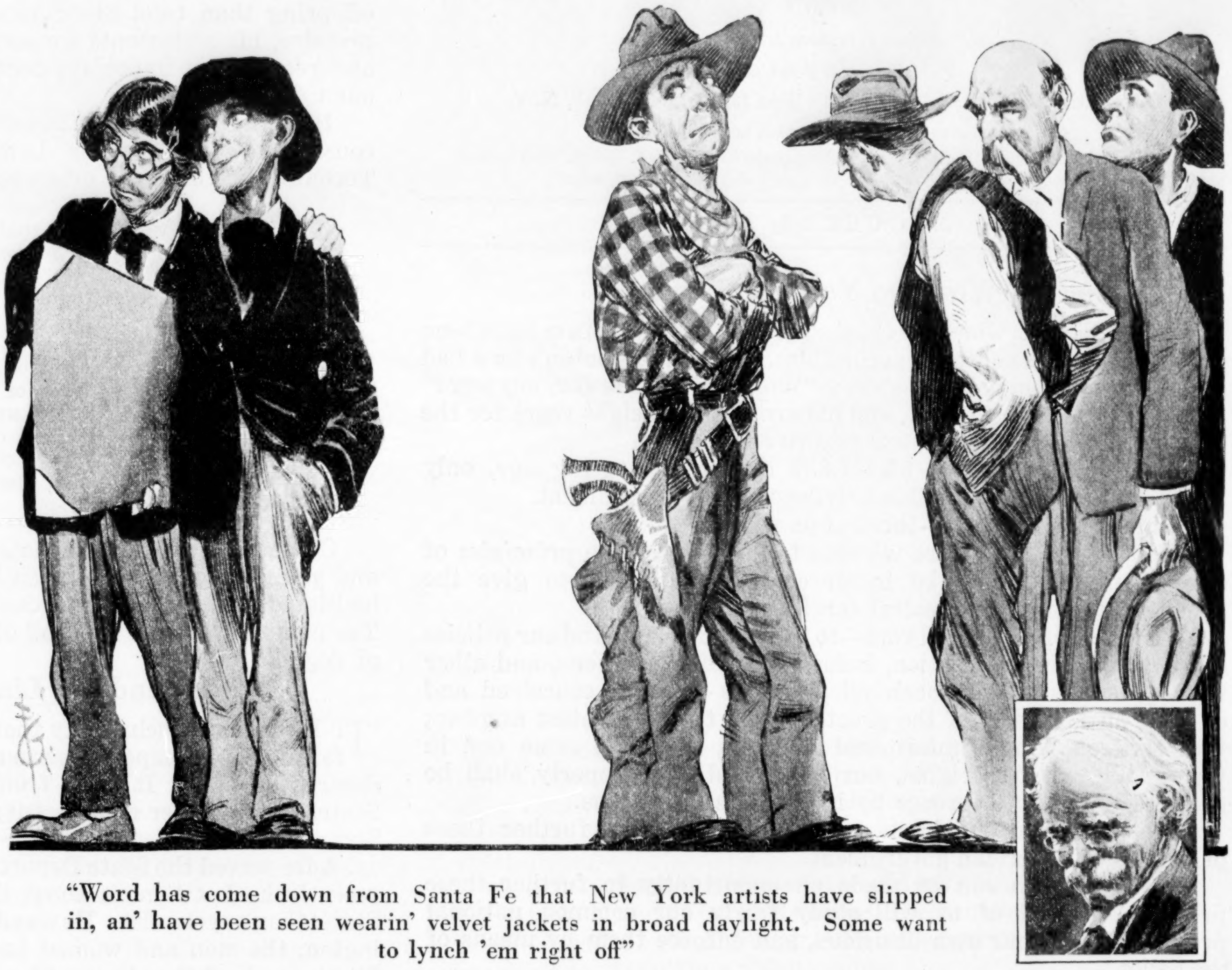
Dave stood still for a moment, conscious that Bob's eyes were on him, but sure also that a terrible revulsion was sweeping over him as now at last he understood. Till this moment he had given no thought to Luigi's place in the scheme of things; it had not occurred to him to wonder what was his relation to the dancer. Blinded by the glamour which she wore, he had failed to discover the ugliness behind. He was, abruptly, his own man again; and he shook off her hand with a gesture of finality which she could not fail to understand.

"I'll give you folks till morning to get out of here," he said harshly. "If you're here in the morning, you'll all go to jail."

(*Continued on page 26*)

An Eight-Hour Law for Vacations

Uncle Henry Says Leisure's Too Hard on One Class—We All Ought to Share the Work



"Word has come down from Santa Fe that New York artists have slipped in, an' have been seen wearin' velvet jackets in broad daylight. Some want to lynch 'em right off"

MY DEAR ALONZO: Here in Los Angeles we are at the end of our pleasure trip, and I'm glad to say that all of us are doing as well as could be expected. The wife and I have nice rooms in a comfortable sanitarium, and after a few weeks of rest and quiet, together with nourishing food, there's every reason to hope that we'll soon be able to sit up and handle our own spoons.

Honest, I don't know where people get all this talk about the Tired Business Man. What right has he got to be tired when all he does is work? Seated at his desk with plenty of wire paper trays to keep his feet from slipping off, what does he know of getting up at four o'clock to see the sun rise on Mount Asthma, or struggling along macadamized slopes to look at stone heaps that some excited imagination insists upon regarding as the ruins of the Cliff Dwellers. Between you and me, the Tired Business Man stuff is just a lie to excuse his lack of ideas and interest when he gets home of an evening.

Pleasure is what takes it out of a man, 'Lonzo. Many a day on this trip, as I've staggered in from sightseeing, and watched the happy throngs pouring out of mines, factories, and stores, I've felt that there was something wrong in a society that put all the leisure on one class, instead of dividing play up and making everybody do his fair share. As soon as I recover, I'll go to Washington and fight to have the Eight-Hour Law extended to vacations.

At home, for instance, no amount of entreaty could get me to run upstairs after anything, and if the wife asked me to go down in the cellar to look at the furnace, I suffered under a sense of injury for weeks. On this trip, however, I've climbed mountains until I've got the southern exposure of a kangaroo, and explored so many Endless Caverns that the mere sight of a hole in the ground sets me to whining furiously and digging away with my fore paws like a terrier after a ground hog.

A "Yes" May Save Your Life

SOMETHING ought to be done about Colorado. Heaven knows the state was lawless enough in the days of Cripple Creek and Leadville, but since it's begun to call itself America's Playground, there isn't even a pretense of regard for the sanctity of human life. I've seen Chambers of Commerce drag fainting men and women away from their beds to see some cañon or peak, and the Rotary Clubs report you for vagrancy if you sit down to eat your lunch.

Every rock in the state has been card-indexed. Years ago when communities commenced to take a personal interest in every lump of stone, calling it Lover's Leap, or Indian Head, I said that unless an instant stop was put to the practice, we'd live to regret it with blood and tears. Visit Colorado if you want to see how my words have come true.

In the Garden of the Gods alone there are close to four million pieces of rock without purpose in life or visible means of support, and every last one of them has been given a name based upon some fancied resemblance. Wherever you turn there are Elephant Heads, Sleeping Ladies, Chinese Temples, Camel Necks, Weasel Backs, Buffalo Horns, Baby Cradles, Giraffe Ears, Snake's Whiskers, Falling Chimneys, Flying Birds, and Heaven knows what. Not since Pullman cars were named has there been any such riot of imagination in the history of America.

I made an awful fool of myself the first day, for when a guide indicated a large, stolid mass of granite, and asked me if I couldn't see the eyes and ears and tail of something or other, I stupidly answered no. His scream of agony brought thousands to the spot, and before I could raise a hand or be rescued by my horror-stricken family, I was being stood on my head, balanced on my ear, or having my head inserted between my legs.

Only as consciousness was leaving me did I get sense enough to yell, "I see it! I see it!" You bet the next time they asked me if I didn't see the Lost Child or the Clothes Basket, I said yes at once, and followed it up with such a scream of wonder that Pike's Peak quivered like a bowl of gelatin.

It Makes 'Em Peevish

PERSONALLY, I think Colorado makes a great mistake in hounding her rocks as she does, for it develops a peevish, resentful spirit that is bound to interfere with growth. Now in New Mexico, where they put their scenery on honor and trust, never going near it, the rocks are far bigger and finer. Same way with mountains and gorges. All seem to feel a pride in the confidence that has been placed in them, spreading over the place until you have to go clear into Arizona to find room enough to turn a car around.

What I loved most about New Mexico, however, was the utter frankness with respect to climate. Nowhere did you find the conspiracy in restraint of truth that makes the life of the tourist one long peril. Never once did I meet a man who told me that everybody had been sleeping under blankets up to the very day I arrived. As a matter of fact, there was general admission that the weather was really much cooler than it had ever been, for the week before the restaurant man had been able to cook his eggs by just putting them out on the sidewalk. Honest, 'Lonzo, it was like Heaven not to hear that blanket lie.

Having heard that the New Mexicans were a leisurely lot, not even walking in their sleep, it was a good deal of a surprise to find the state in a good deal of motion and excitement. At first I thought it was on account of Senator Fall and, in conversation with a leading citizen, ventured to express a regret about the disgrace.

"Disgrace is right," he sighed. "Why, it's the first time in history that one of our senators has been ketched. But it ain't Fall we're worryin' about."

"Then what is the trouble," I insisted. "Why these haggard faces and excited groups?"

"Well," he said, "we're tryin' to keep the thing quiet, but you look like a man who wouldn't go round spreadin' scandal, so I'll whisper it to you. Word has come down from Santa Fe that a lot of New York artists have slipped in, an' have been seen wearin' velvet jackets in broad daylight. Folks are all divided on what to do. Some want to lynch 'em right off, an' others think we ought to wait an' make it a sort of celebration."

The Hard-Boiled Egg

LORD knows I don't blame the artists, for if I could draw anything but sight drafts, I'd spend the rest of my life in New Mexico. Every foot of it is like an explosion in a paint factory, and there's the joy of looking at things for yourself without having the bony forefinger of some guide drawing a dotted line from the eye to the object. But of all I saw on the trip, I think I loved the Grand Cañon most. Why, 'Lonzo, I'm so crazy for Americans to see it that I'm willing to lend it to Switzerland for a summer. It may give some faint idea of the beauty of it when I tell you I saw a man from Connecticut stand on the rim for a whole hour without touching the hard-boiled egg he had halfway to his mouth. And as for the reverence it excites, I've seen tourists hesitate a full moment before they threw their lunch boxes over the side.

I won't tell you anything about our trip across the Mohave Desert. I started in by taking off my coat, then I shucked my shirt, and the last ten miles found me tugging at my knee caps and collar bones. Between you and me, I think Los Angeles put the Mohave there on purpose. After emerging from that stretch of sand *anything* looks good.

HENRY.

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AUGUST 23, 1924

What Do You Vote For?

IN THESE days when the front pages of the newspapers have been given over to political speculations, perhaps it wouldn't be a bad idea to sit and ask ourselves: "What do we vote for, anyway?"

Remember, Washington and his army fought eight years for the right to vote—*for the right to govern themselves.*

Yet in 1920, out of 54,421,832 citizens of voting age, only 26,786,758 found use for this privilege of self-government.

What do we vote for—those of us who vote?

Well, in the first place we vote to decide how the *principles* of our government shall be interpreted and applied—to give the greatest good and the greatest service to all of us.

We vote—or we should vote—to see that our laws and our policies on such matters as taxation, industry, foreign relations, and other vital questions which touch all our lives shall be conceived and enacted on the basis of the greatest good to the greatest number; that they shall be administered honestly, with the same end in view; and that our rights, our lives, and our property shall be protected from interference by individuals or nations.

Every election should mean an opportunity to further these principles of American government.

Every election *can* be made an opportunity to further these principles—if all of us will study fairly our common national problems, make our own decisions, and enforce them by means of the ballot.

This is the belief of Collier's. And it is on this belief that the sixth principle in Collier's editorial platform for a greater and happier America is based.

Collier's believes that it can fulfill its obligation to its million citizen-readers to no greater advantage than by sincerely studying and impartially presenting the facts about the great national issues of government—and about our men in public life.

It believes that only as men and women know these facts, see clearly their relation to the daily life of the individual, and use the ballot faithfully and intelligently, can American ideals, aims, and principles prevail—and advance.

We are the government of the United States. We, through our votes, have the privilege of perpetuating the principle of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

And this is what we vote for.

We Could Teach Those Ancient Greeks a Lot

THE average Greek freeman in the halcyon days of Pericles had five slaves, or helots, to do his work. The civilization of Greece was founded on slave sweat. The Parthenon, the open-air theaters in which the plays of Sophocles were declaimed, the temples, all were the product of human hoisters of stone and carriers of mortar.

To-day power is so widely distributed in home and factory that each of us has the equivalent of thirty slaves working tirelessly—electric motors, steam engines, automatic devices that set type, weave, pump, fetch, and carry. The best flour mill of ancient Athens turned out about five barrels a day. A modern Minnesota mill will produce the same amount of much better flour in a second.

In automobile factories to-day they are using gigantic forging presses—great steel fists which shape whole fenders at a stroke and which cost $100,000 each. On every side inventors are going steadily ahead enriching us with mechanisms of unprecedented ingenuity and power. Those mechanisms are our twentieth-century slaves. They are better than the old kind. They mean more brain sweat that counts and less brow sweat.

Facts Have to Be Distilled Too

AGAIN and again we have said that prohibition is not a settled question, that no question is ever settled, and that our purpose must be always to keep an open mind and to be ready to heed new facts.

Here are new facts about prohibition that should be heard:

More than a year ago Collier's published an interesting article by Samuel Hopkins Adams telling of scientific experiments which seemed to show that moderate drinkers live longer and have stronger offspring than total abstainers. His array of evidence was impressive, his statements conservative and honest. The article was and remains an important contribution to the great discussion of our times.

Here, however, is a statement on the other side that should be considered. Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk in a recent address at Toronto said that such evidence was inconclusive, and added:

> One of the most recent studies on life insurance risks, covering 286,000 lives, shows the following results:
>
> Increased death rate among moderate occasional users of alcohol, 19 per cent.
>
> Increased mortality among daily users of beer, 33 per cent.
>
> Increased mortality among daily users of spirits, 66 per cent.
>
> The question of prohibition as a matter of social expediency or social welfare is a problem for sociologists and statesmen to settle, but it cannot be settled right unless there is a full and clear understanding of the actual effect of alcohol on the human organism. There is no reason to doubt the testimony of the laboratory and life insurance experience that the so-called moderate use of alcohol shortens human life.

Overeating and keeping late hours and running for street cars and going to war also shorten human life. Some of these can be legislated against, and some can't. But that isn't the present point. The point is that it is up to all of us to be greedy for data and chary of dogma.

Behind the Lines in Washington

"IT IS not too much to say that the government never had a more faithful and competent servant." This is high praise for a man to deserve and get. It came from Charles E. Hughes, Secretary of State, which rather enhances it; and it was said of Alvey A. Adee, Second Assistant Secretary of State since 1886.

Adee served the State Department fifty-four years. When he died recently he knew more about the foreign relations of the United States than anyone else. He was dean of the continuity group at Washington, the men and women just back of the political group that flits on and off the stage. They carry on from one administration to the next, keeping things in order and saying nothing about it. They are rated as Washington's second line of activity, but they come nearer being the people's first line of defense.

Give Advertising Its Due

LIKE other good Americans you try all kinds of devices to have your home made livable. The house is full of inventions, from the furnace in the cellar to the screens on the attic windows.

What makes you buy all those things?

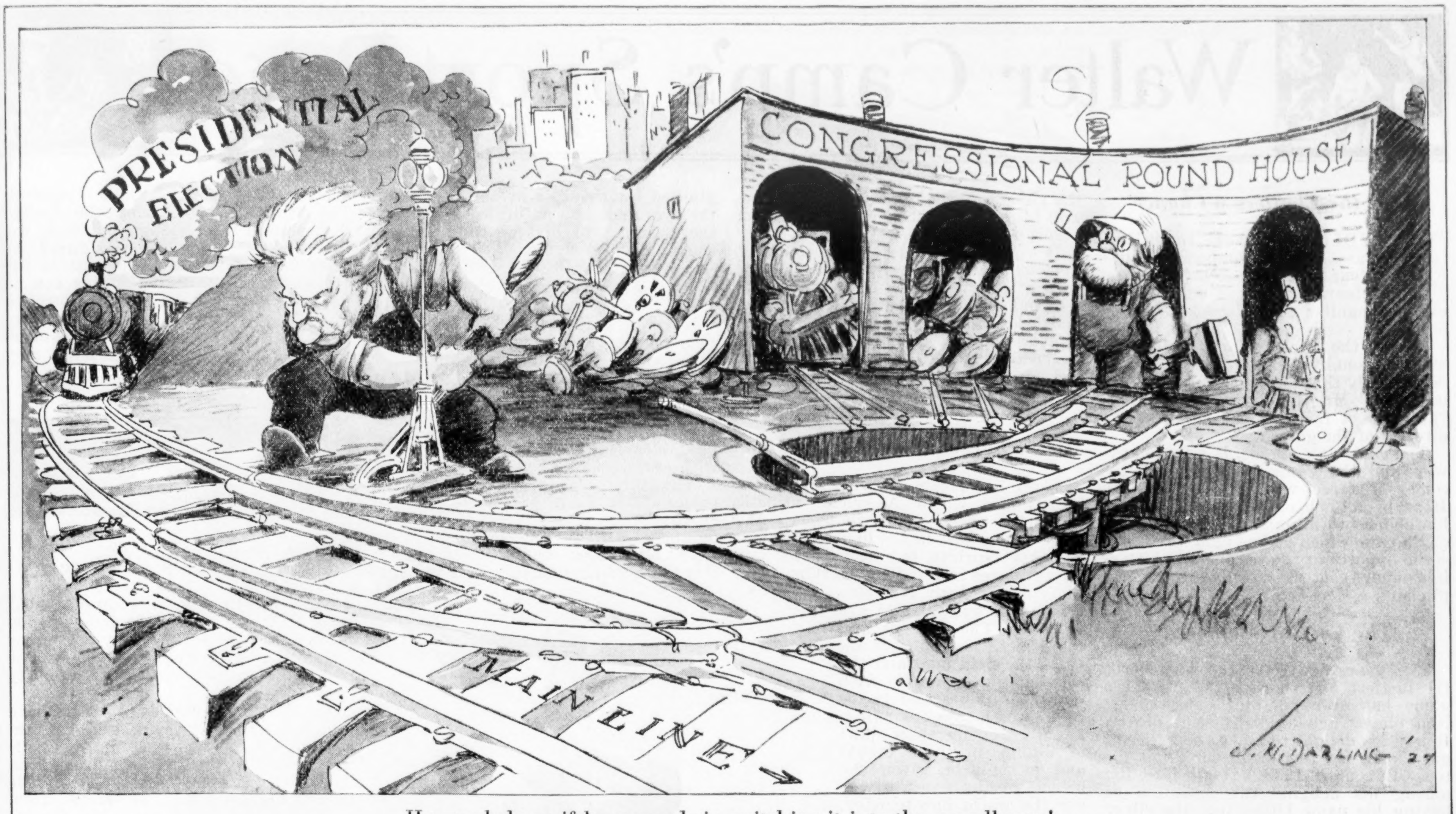
Travelers returning from Europe say that bathtubs, etc., are a strong argument for the U. S. A., and lay this progress to our "dynamic curiosity," whatever that is.

Well, perhaps. But have you ever noticed the scarcity of advertising in European papers? Those folks see progress mainly in the shops and at fairs. Americans cannot ever get away from it. The urging record of what our country's inventive genius has done runs in print alongside the news of sport and politics and diplomacy. It neighbors fiction and the drama. Everybody bears a hand as buyer, critic, consumer, and the work of betterment moves on a rising tide of public knowledge and approval.

Some Trip for a Pint of Ink!

A RAILROAD has to haul one ton of freight forty-eight miles to get the money with which to buy one pint of ink, according to an executive in the research department of the National Transportation Institute. To buy a cross-tie, that expert tells us, a ton of freight must be hauled 75 miles; a hand lantern, 105 miles; a freight car wheel, 1,287 miles; a monkey wrench, 115 miles; a day's work of a machinist, 534 miles—and so on.

Interesting figures. They give us a better idea of the problems of railroad management, and enable us to see the importance of each penny. Our railroads cannot depend on untried theories. Their success rests on a basis of freight-ton miles and passenger miles. They have nothing else to sell.



Heaven help us if he succeeds in switching it into the roundhouse!

Rip Was a Poor News Source

By Samuel Crowther

"I DO not get much time to read," said the president of a fairly large, extremely well-known corporation. "I keep very close to my business during the day, and when I have the time to read during the evening I turn to the old books—I know I shall like them. I never read the magazines or newspapers, and I rarely read a book that has not been out at least five years. I do not know whether I am right or wrong in this, but it seems to me, having so little time to read, it is better to pick up only what I am sure of."

His attitude, although unusual, was perfectly comprehensible. He is a keen business man in the best sense. His company has maintained a clear leadership in its field through more than a hundred years. Its integrity has never wavered, nor has it ever settled down within itself. Having a taste for literature and no leisure to separate the good from the bad, he lets time do the mellowing for him. He is not lacking in citizenship. He serves his community finely, not only through the paying of considerably higher than the usual wages to many thousands of people, but also through active participation in local affairs. His is a beautiful town and a comfortable one to live in.

I saw this man's name, just a few days later, as chairman of a committee presenting a series of resolutions covering nearly every phase of our economic life. They had to do with the tariff, the trades unions, taxation, the Constitution, the Supreme Court of the United States, and some other matters of hardly less importance. The resolutions were clear and definite, and on the whole they were sensible resolutions, although they had the conservative approach—that is, they tended toward pronouncing a thing good, not so much because it was good as because it had been done for a long time. He had let time make his political as well as his literary judgments.

But here is the point: How could this president possibly conceive of himself as qualified to express views on a large number of national affairs when, by his own statement, he looked at the world only through the windows of his business, when he had definitely separated himself from all the news and all the thought that lay without the walls of his own business?

The ideas current during any season may or may not be good and the written expression of them may or may not be masterly, but, such as they are, the ideas are the world. For this is a notional world.

Rip Van Winkle, when he awoke and came down from the mountain, was undoubtedly an interesting character and something of an authority on Dutchmen at ninepins, but no one would have picked him to lecture the country on political economy. Gentlemen who offer considerable resolutions touching on our own times ought to know what our own times are—else they should abstain from resolutions.

But it seems that a man who would not think of resolutely telling how atoms ought to act does not hesitate a moment about saying how people ought to act—although the least scientific of us probably know more about atoms than about people.

"I have made a great discovery," said a wealthy man to me. "It is something that ought to be taken up at once. It is compulsory education for chauffeurs. It is the biggest idea I ever had. I have been going carefully into this for a long time. I have been tracing down to sources and now I know absolutely that the big business men of the country get all the news on current events from their chauffeurs. Now just think what we could do by setting up reading courses for chauffeurs and examining them every week. What do you think of it?"

He was not so far wrong, at that. The American man of affairs does not read. He gets much information at luncheon—and a deal of it is not good information. Quite often he does not even read the newspapers. Extracts are cut out and pasted up for him to glance through and thus his mental life depends a good deal on the digestion of his clipping secretary. If that secretary goes dyspeptic, the big man's information is to the effect that the world is going to blazes. And what would happen if the scissors wielders were put on spinach—as they are likely to be any day, the way the doctors are acting?

And the moral? Perhaps there isn't any. And again, it may have to do with good citizens being also well-informed citizens. For we need the best that is in these men. They are natural leaders—that is why they are too busy to read. Our political affairs need the advice of successful men. They are economic assets: they ought to be political assets.

Picture of a True Friend

MEN love dogs because dogs alone meet a friendship need that humans generally haven't the faith, the simplicity, and the genuineness to supply.

One philosopher has said that a friend is one who incessantly pays us the compliment of expecting great things of us. Another has defined a friend as one who knows our faults and loves us still. A man's dog goes them all one better: he never asks questions, never explains, never apologizes.

Walter Camp's Sport Page

Give the Clouters a Chance

"HEYDLER Defines Intentional Pass" a newspaper headline reads. To the baseball fan that intentional-pass rule is the most unsportsmanlike and dishonest rule in baseball.

"When the pitcher (for the purpose of intentionally passing the batsman) deliberately threw four balls to the first baseman," Mr. Heydler's ruling states, "he made a farce of the rule and indirectly of the game."

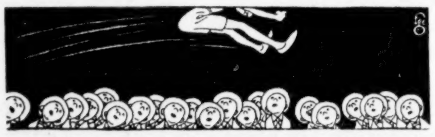
The rule, as it stands, is a farce anyway and the game quite directly becomes a farce whenever a Ruth, a Hornsby, a Cobb, or a Heilman is denied his chance to hit and the fan cheated of that for which he has paid his money—the opportunity to see the best hitters in a square contest of skill with the best pitchers.

The Case of Wethered

Two years ago Wethered was one of the lustiest hitters with the wood the game has ever known, a spectacular iron player and an indifferent putter. It was his delight to make the galleries gasp with his terrific power from the tee. But until 1923 he failed to list among his delights the sensation of having his name bitten into the silver of a championship cup.

The triumphant Wethered who won the British amateur title at Deal last year was a Wethered with a shortened and more controlled swing, a Wethered who was frequently outdriven but rarely off the line, a Wethered who seldom took three putts to the green and who was frequently down in one.

The worst duffer and the most brilliant star of golf are alike in one respect. Both score better when they try to humor the ball instead of trying to beat it.



The Greatest Jump Ever Made

Speaking of hard luck. Ned Goudin qualified for a large share during the Olympic Games when he jumped 25 feet, 8 inches, for the moving-picture men. The distance was fourteen inches better than De Hart Hubbard's winning jump in the Olympic competitions and two inches better than Le Gendre's world's record leap in the pentathlon, but because the jump was not made in competition it will not stand as a new world's record.

Why Paddock Lost

In the 200-meter dash at Paris Charley Paddock was leading the field with fifteen feet to go when he turned his head to see what his opponents were doing. Jackson Scholz, his mind and eyes intent on nothing except the tape ahead, won the race that was Paddock's before the Paddock head turned.

How to Avoid the Skids

It has been a good many years since baseball has had anything more to give Ty Cobb, but for years Cobb has been giving the best of himself to baseball. And in the middle of his twentieth campaign he is still a champion.

Dempsey, financially secure for the rest of his life, will rule for years, because fighting is the game he likes best. Tilden, with three straight national championships to his credit, still loves the game well enough to give it his best, and his best should be good enough for several additional seasons.

If you don't like the game you play, get out of it. Success will never come to you in that game. If the game you like has rewarded you with honor, reward the game with continued devotion. If you follow these instructions you will never feel beneath you the "skids that are greased" and eternally waiting for the champions suffering from the blight of self-satisfaction.

Don't Forget Our Distance Men

There is a lesson for us in the Olympic Games which American athletic authorities should take to heart. We were at our best in the field events and the short sprints, but we repeated our past failures in the distance runs. The reasons for both our successes and our failures are obvious. The colleges and the athletic associations inspire the field men and the short-distance runners with numerous meets and prizes well worth the winning. Let a youngster show signs of ability in these events and he will be given the benefit of the finest coaching the world has to offer, which is as it should be.

Most distance runners, however, are men whose running must be done after working hours. The colleges don't get these men and the A. A. U. and other associations haven't seen fit to encourage them with either suitable prizes or the benefits of expert coaching. It is an omission that should be remedied if American sport is to be truly democratic.

© KEYSTONE

Roberta Ranck, product of Philadelphia's playgrounds, started life as an invalid. Today, holding several A. A. U. honors, she is as much an invalid as Señor Firpo. One of her training ideas is to eat plenty of candy, favoring the gooey kind. Heavens!

* * *

Job established quite a reputation for patience because he refused to become annoyed over some boils. What would his reputation have been if he had had an incurable slice?

* * *

There is nothing quite like tackling a game fighter to take conceit, envy, and hatred from a man's soul. The spirit of "Ya big bum" would soon change to that of "Attaboy" if the chivalrous noncombatants who jeer opposing athletes would themselves occasionally take the field of honor. All of which points to the fact that international good will, in spite of a few minor unpleasant incidents in the grand stands, has really been developed considerably by this year's record list of international sporting events.

A Slogan to Remember

Sport has a number of slogans to offer the man in business or professional life. One of its leading phrases comes from the ball parks where the players say: "Don't take the ball game home with you."

An alibi is as dead and futile a thing as yesterday's newspaper. Worry over what happened or what might have happened in the game that has been played won't start a double play or produce a triple in the pinch in the game that is to be played. If men in all forms of human effort would stop taking the ball games home with them human sleep would be a more generally restful occupation, digestion would be improved, wrinkles under the eyes would be supplanted by wrinkles at the corners of the eyes and, as a natural development, the business in divorce courts might show a decided slump.

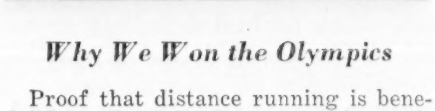
The Sense of Pace

Nurmi the Finn caused considerable comment at Paris because he timed his races with a watch carried in his hand, but Nurmi was only calling attention to a quality which all the great men of sport possess. That quality is a sense of pace, a feeling for rhythm. In running, a correct sense of pace does away with unnecessary friction and effort.

An athlete who only calls on his power in sudden bursts of furious energy has no second speed to fall back on and as a result he doesn't get to the top at all. In baseball, golf, and tennis this sense of rhythm promotes the timing necessary to both power and accuracy. In football it will enable a man to outcharge a heavier opponent because the power is applied at the right moment. In boxing it will make a blow that travels only six inches carry knockout force.

* * *

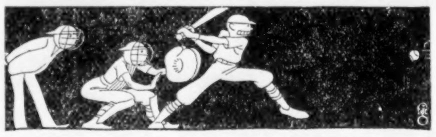
They say that all things come to him who waits, but the bookmakers lay pretty long odds against a bad actor at the post.



Why We Won the Olympics

Proof that distance running is beneficial is offered by Stenroos, this year's Marathon victor; De Mar, Kohlemainen, and others hovering about the forty-year mark provide living evidence that the distance runs develop stamina.

Another lesson, not altogether unconnected with sport, is also apparent. The athletes representing the United States owed their victory partly to the fact that in their blood was fused the strength and speed of the best of the old world. The United States can no longer afford to be a dumping ground for Europe, but the melting pot may still benefit by the ingredients a Nurmi, a Ritola, a Liddell, and a Lowe may bring to it.



Concerning a "Wild Slugger"

"The sporting writers disgust me," L. C. S. writes, "by their constant discussion of Babe Ruth. Why don't they forget this wild slugger and give the real ball players some of the publicity they deserve."

This "wild slugger" is just a bit hard to ignore, especially when, with the season more than half gone, he leads his league in batting and both leagues in home-run hitting. He is also nimble enough occasionally to score from second on an infield out. Mr. George Herman Ruth is a ball player of great value.

Strength Isn't Necessary

"I can't go in for sport as I'd like to. I've never been strong or athletically inclined."

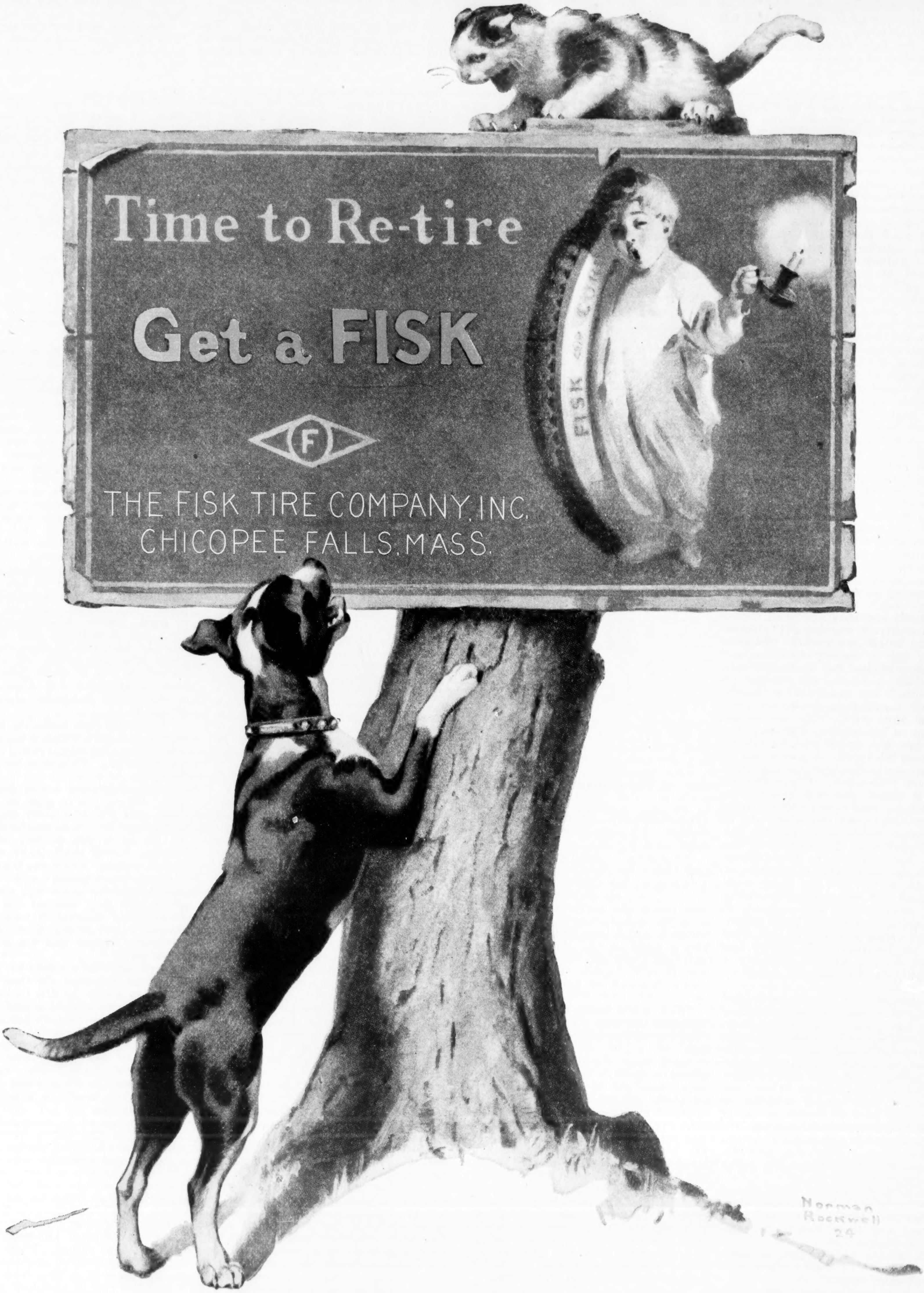
The man who says that is a quitter, and the record books prove the charge against him. In golf Bobby Jones, Max Marston, Cyril Walker, Lord Holderness, and Joyce Wethered all began the game as weakling youngsters because they needed the health that golf had to give them. Little Bill Johnston, never weighing over 125 pounds, has been one of the mightiest of our tennis champions. Every sport has a comparable case. Physical handicaps, instead of acting as a bar to athletic competition, frequently provide the necessity that breeds a star.

Ignore Father Time

If you are only 40 or 50 and aren't anywhere near championship form in your particular sport there isn't any need of ending it all by deciding to vote the Republican ticket in Mississippi. As proof of the fact I offer the recent achievement of J. H. Taylor in leading the field in the qualifying round of the British open golf championship and finishing well up with the leaders at the end of the championship proper. Walter J. Travis never touched a golf club until he was 35 and yet he was one of the most brilliant champions this country ever knew. A man is as old as his arteries and, very frequently, as his enthusiasms. Father Time generally makes unwelcome advances only when he is encouraged. Ignore the old gentleman or call the policeman known as activity and the old bore will disappear.

Advice to Golfers

"Decide to hit whatever you're going to hit and then wait a while." If that advice were followed, discussion as to how to acquire the proper follow through would rapidly disappear. Anxiety to make the hit before the arms and wrists have the swing far enough along, so that the body is naturally carried into the hit to provide the necessary punch, causes the directing muscles to contract and ruins the rhythmic power that comes with proper timing.


Time to Re-tire
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The Call of the Moth

Continued from page 7

Directly after the performance April hurried into her clothes and took a taxi home. She even patted her foot traditionally on the way.

But, alas for pride, the promised jolt was waiting when she opened the door. It took the form of an apparently innocuous sheet of paper lying on the dining table. She picked it up and read:

> DEAREST PRILLA:—My train leaves early in the morning, and I've gone to the Waldorf tonight. I wanted to save your nerves, and I didn't want to weaken—so please don't call me up unless it's to say you'll go with me. Otherwise I'll send you my address in a few days and see you in about six weeks. Get Cora to stay with you. There are two pints of cream in the ice box, and you won't need to buy bread to-morrow. ARCHIE.

April read the thing twice before she was satisfied. Then she walked into the bedroom and stared blankly. It was so! He was gone. The drawers of his chifforobe stared back at her with reddish emptiness; its top was a polished desert. She went back into the front room; through the open door to the kitchenette she saw the breakfast dishes washed and neatly in their places in the rack. Suddenly her throat became tight and swallowing an unlubricated process. She sat down at the table, smoothed out the note, and read it again. The room buzzed with stillness. From the street below came the dull symphony of hoofs and wheels; the wild, happy cries of children. . . .

"Well, he's done it," April admitted in a thin, far-off little voice, and dropped her head on her folded arms and released a rising flood of tears. . . .

Again it was Cora who braced her spirit, for it was to Cora's room that April promptly fled; and this time she came with an unsteady lip and with the portents of defeat in her eyes. Cora was mending stockings in a faded blue dressing gown. (And, furthermore—though none but April's familiar knock would she have answered thus—she was guilty of wearing gold-rimmed spectacles to aid her work.) She gave Archie's note a cursory scanning and then lent a patient ear to April's tale.

"Candidly, you give me the pip today, Prilla," she remarked at length. "For the Lord's sake, try to use your mind, if any, child. Now you've got to do one of two things. You've either got to knuckle under and let Archie cash in on his bluff, or you've got to decide to see it through and quit fumbling with your cards. If you knuckle under, it means you will cease to be April Adams and become Mrs. Archie Longman—that you'll tag along and do what Archie wants to do for the balance of your life. Domesticity is like dope in that respect—the first shot establishes the habit. On the other hand, if you decide you can get along without Archie for six weeks (providing he goes away at all), he'll probably be back in three, and all will be as before. That's all there is to it. Do you want to keep on dancing in the Cherry Box Revue or do you want to take out a membership in the mothers' club?"

CORA bit off her thread, readjusted her darning egg, and began another patch. April stood by the window, staring moodily at the weird tapestry of building lights and electric signs that now was spreading, changing, brightening, fading in the chill blue twilight. She loved all that! Even in her new distress she felt herself respond to the rhythmic beat of that vast sea of color, of sparkle, of swift-flowing life, as she had always responded since she could remember. This was *her* life, this was where she belonged. She knew it, and yet—

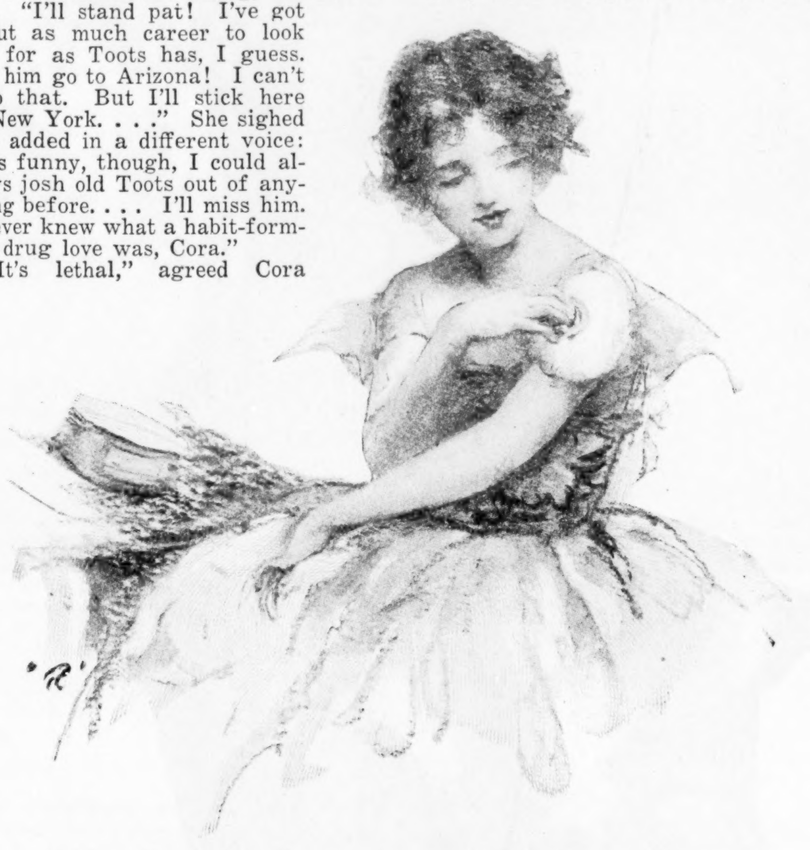
"I don't like to think of Toots among those heavy ladies with sunburnt arms that wear handkerchiefs around their necks and roll their own," she complained forlornly.

"Well, Archie will be just as pestered by thoughts of bond brokers with two-carat shirt studs."

Again April was pensive. She didn't know how to behave in the face of this strange and hurtful reality. For to her it was a startling discovery that men might be, even temporarily, self-governing creatures. Men had told her times enough that they didn't want to do things she wanted them to do, but none had ever hinted that he had the power or desire calmly to rebel. Least of all Archie! Suddenly a wave of submissive admiration for Toots rose in her. But the next moment she fought that down, frightened and annoyed: it was just such treacherous emotions as that that tricked women into submerging themselves, into losing their whole identity.

THE spirit of the O'Sheans mounted in her. She stamped her foot passionately.

"You're right, Cora; I've been acting a fool about this thing," she burst out. "I'll stand pat! I've got about as much career to look out for as Toots has, I guess. Let him go to Arizona! I can't help that. But I'll stick here in New York. . . ." She sighed and added in a different voice: "It's funny, though, I could always josh old Toots out of anything before. . . . I'll miss him. I never knew what a habit-forming drug love was, Cora."



The orchestra struck up—she snatched at her powder puff

"It's lethal," agreed Cora sympathetically. "But six weeks isn't forever. I'll come over and we'll bunk together if you say."

"Of course." April crossed the room and picked up the crumpled note with a return of her frothy manner. "One thing, Cora," she grinned. "From this note one might gather that Toots was a trifle miffed—maybe some of the things I said to him this morning gave him a right to be. Anyway, it's not well that a wife and her husband should part in such a spirit. I'm going to disobey orders and call him up to say good-by."

"Well, you'd better do it from here," observed the sage Cora, "where I can stop you if you show signs of softening."

April rang Archie's room and received a prompt response. (He had never been out of arm's reach of the telephone all afternoon.) But if he expected penitence, disappointment was his. April jauntily assured him she had only called to remind him of how she had always wanted a real Navajo blanket, and would he please see that she got one, and look out for rattlesnakes and drug-store cowgirls, and much obliged for reminding her of the cream. Yes, she understood; he was perfectly right; they would both probably weaken if they saw each other—and six weeks wasn't a lifetime, anyways, and maybe it was all for the best, so good luck and write often.

The fading twilight of infant spring is no time for enthusiasm over ascetic resolves, but Archie hung on to his doggedly. He mustered hollow laughter and tried to meet April's mood. Yes, he'd see about the blanket. No, he hadn't gone off angry, just determined not to let the weakness of the flesh cheat them out of twelve thousand. Time for him to earn his keep. Would Cora be with her? Fine. No, he wasn't sorry she'd phoned—silly of him to write that. Yes, all the socks he needed. No, it wasn't so hard to make toast; the hardest part was getting out of bed. Of course he'd paint faster than he ever had and be back in a jiffy, but— It was when Archie began to tend toward a summary of his forthcoming loneliness that Cora, with a sharp eye on April's face, wisely said things that hastened the end of the conversation.

Only when he sat alone in the silence again did the full significance of what had happened strike Archie. And the delayed impact left him surprised and abysmally dejected.

"Well, I've let myself in for the inferno," he finally concluded aloud. . . .

THAT spring was a vastly seductive season, which is to say that it was like all springs. Only it came with a more breath-taking rush. One day there was a flood of tonic warm sunshine that whisked the last ugly dregs of winter from gutters and streets; another day the bushes and the little islands of sod in Washington Square were suddenly covered with a green fuzz. Through the Arch, beneath a canopy of faint blue haze, Fifth Avenue stretched away into infinity like a bright river escaped from winter bondage, shooting off golden gleams from its turbulent and joyous flood. Everywhere the world was bursting with new, fresh life that spoke a million revivifying messages to all life that had preceded it.

Walking to a matinée performance with Cora, April was aware of all this, but she failed to respond properly. She felt the tug of it at the heart, felt an obscure urge to run shouting on her tiptoes, but knew if she tried it she would find her feet too leaden. And there are few more exasperating sensations than to be conscious that you are leaden-footed in the spring. April was faintly resentful toward everything. Archie had now been gone a month, and she had had from him three hasty letters, the gist of which was that he was comfortably settled in Tucson and furiously busy. April had burned her finger horribly the first morning she attempted to make toast. Since then Cora had been making it.

Now Cora eyed her sharply and said: "I'm afraid you need a tonic, Prill. It's downright morbid for anyone to look like you do on a day like this."

"Thank you, I never take medicine," said April tartly.

"Well, I don't mean that kind of a tonic. I mean it's time we threw a party among the so-called bright lights. For thirty days and nights we've eaten in the privacy of our own apartment—that's almost as long as Noah did. What we need now is a meal bought by somebody else. I can arrange it at a cost to us of about three one-steps apiece, and you'll be surprised how the break in the routine will pick you up. How about it?"

"I'm sure *I* never insisted that we do our own cooking," replied April. "And I've no objections to a party. But there isn't anything wrong with me, and I don't need 'picking up.'"

"You'll see," promised Cora.

UNLIKE practically all brokers who amuse themselves by cultivating ladies of the chorus, young John Abernathy was neither middle-aged nor portly. Neither did he possess, as far as could be seen, a single diamond ring or gold-headed cane, nor did he maintain any apartments besides the one in which he regularly made his home. But then, as a matter of fact, he wasn't a full-fledged broker yet; he was only the junior partner in a downtown firm. He was twenty-eight and wore a fold-over collar with his dinner jacket, under which he could tuck his tie in a manner that had been well-nigh compulsory in his fraternity.

April, who dimly remembered having met him before at one of Cora's parties, was forced to admit that he wasn't bad looking. And he was quite a good dancer too—infinitely better than his companion, one Johnson, a slightly older man of more conventional bulk, who had paired off with Cora. Indeed, it was to avoid Johnson's further one-stepping that April developed a convenient headache shortly after midnight.

"I thought you looked a trifle worn during the performance tonight," said Abernathy, leaning toward her sympathetically. "This weather is debilitating."

Johnson grinned across the table at him. "Well, you're good at consoling, Jack, and I'll admit my dancing has never been known to soothe the nerves. So I'll leave you to look after Miss Adams, but I shall insist that Cora earn her feed. Come on, Cora."

Cora was game, and so April and Abernathy were left alone. And eventually they strolled out onto the dinky little iron-railed balcony which formed a part of the equipment of that particular supper club for a breath of fresh air.

April drew in a sharp breath as she looked at the sky. In that boundless black sea above the dim hulks of buildings a thin caravel of a new moon was making for the western horizon in tow of a single star. A faint, almost imperceptible breeze blew across her face, redolent of dew-drenched pastures far from New York. She thought of Archie, and a bitter-sweet pain shot through her heart; a cogent longing came over her.

The result of it was that without any reason she began to tell young Abernathy all about Archie. He was a patient and attentive listener.

"Yes, Tucson is a long way off," he agreed when she had finished. "It seems about as much on the other side of the world from here as Hongkong."

They stood close together, and Abernathy looked up at the moon also, and both of them sighed. Then the music behind them stopped and the next moment Cora was calling from the door.

But the recital somehow gave April a strange sense of relief. When they were at home undressing she remarked to Cora: "Your friend Abernathy

An Ex-Brakeman Wins First Prize

In Collier's Contest for "Little Farm" Stories

NOT long ago Charles J. Lisle told Collier's readers how the Niblers of Oregon, with a family of nine children, have found success and happiness on a seventeen-acre farm, the net annual income from which is five thousand dollars. Collier's asked other "little farmers" to tell about their experiences. For the best letter, twenty-five dollars was offered; for the nine others most worthy of publication, ten dollars each.

Letters came from many states. California headed the list with Oregon a close second. Most contributors told of interesting experiences, and picking the winners was not easy.

First prize goes to a Lone Star Stater, an ex-brakeman who has made good on a farm near De Leon, Tex., and who says that nowadays he has "no desire to hear a train whistle."

California furnished four of the winners; Oregon, two; and Texas, Ohio, Massachusetts, and Washington, one each.

Good-By, Railroading!

First Prize

AFTER the big fuss with Germany I returned to my old job as freight brakeman with the M. K. & T. at De Leon, Texas, March 1st, 1919. The increase in wages made me appreciate my job more; but that was all. After sixty days' railroading I dropped from 169 pounds to 157, but kept my job and married June 3rd, 1919.

Being away from home most of the time didn't suit my wife or me at all. We decided on something different, a farm. Our purchase was twenty acres three miles from town.

Gave the railroad my last highball February 1st, 1920. Started by mending fences and remodeling the three-room shack. Sent samples of soil to the A. & M. College for analysis. Planted blackberries and a truck garden; also twelve acres in cotton. My wife started a poultry business which easily took care of our expenses.

The first year luck was with us and we sold $378.60 off my truck farm, raised seven bales of cotton, canned 107 gallons of vegetables, pickles, and preserves. Now have my farm paid for, $460.00 in the bank, two children, a Ford car, weigh 172 pounds, and no desire to hear a train whistle.

DONALD M. SORELLE,
De Leon, Texas.

A Hard-Luck Story

WE MAY not beat the Niblers, as we have swallowed hook and line on a 60-acre colony project, where you buy the water with the land at so much an acre but can't use it unless the water tax is paid. No water, no crop. No crop, no money.

At present we are trying to get irrigation and taxes by delivering milk to a town eight miles away in competition with six other dairymen.

Our hogs leave their own barley field for the other man's corn. The hens lay out more than in and come home to roost if the varmints let them. The horses get on the island when the boat is sunk or oars lost.

Now don't think we are lazy. Why, we haven't time to be. Work begins at 2 a. m. and never stops.

The moths got our bees the time the goats ate the orchard; and the bugs took the garden. Three years ago mother went on strike and bought bummer lambs and bummed the milk to feed them. We now have 1,200 sheep. To-day the profits are all on the bummers.

We have always worked hard, been honest and in debt. Watch Mother's revolt put us all on Easy Street.

MRS. A. J. WALTON, Red Bluff, Cal.

Fifteen Acres in Ohio

ABOUT five years ago my wife and I left the city for a free and independent life on the farm. The "farm" was a fifteen-acre plot, with a barn-like house, a few miles from town.

We selected the finest strain of Rhode Island Reds for the poultry end and were equally critical in buying and raising our bees and strawberries; and we built a splendid trade within twelve months. In fact, the return on our investment was startling. Our record shows over the five-year period a net profit per year. Honey, retailing from forty to fifty cents a pound, brought $465.50 a year. The total sale from poultry including eggs was $743.35.

The strawberry lot registered the neat return of $260.00, Home-grown berries bring 25 cents a quart. Our bank balance shows for the five-year period a sum of $7,343.75, or an annual profit of $1,468.75. Success? Well, when you consider the pleasant work and hours, it ain't nothing else but.

JOHN METZLER, R. R. 2, Dayton, Ohio.

Five Acres Enough—In Washington

WE HAVE five acres of land, under intensive cultivation, located in the famous, fertile Puyallup Valley, Washington. We grow red raspberries, Evergreen blackberries, strawberries, rhubarb, and truck. Our total income from this land last year was $3,556.00. With the exception of $300.00 paid for picking, my wife and I did all the work. This left us $3,200.00 for our summer's work, which is not crediting the farm for what it gave toward our living.

At that time we lived in town and went back and forth to our work. This was not very satisfactory, so during the summer, as a sort of diversion to fill in the time, we built a house on the farm—a modern 8-room house for which the income from the farm last season paid.

Our tonnage production per acre of blackberries was 16,040 pounds, of red raspberries, 7,335 pounds, and of strawberries 9,500 pounds. We sold direct to the local cannery. We would have received more by marketing through the coöperative association, but it would have taken more time and we wanted quick action.

GEORGE H. BOSLIK, Puyallup, Wash.

"Not a Success?"

WE OWN a small farm of three acres and a four-room camp house. Our family consists of myself and three young children. When we came here to live, six years ago, I had no money with which to start even a garden.

By my work of painting I could partially meet living expenses. Some friends have been very kind. Otherwise we might never have had the necesary sanitation or even a cellar. We have crept along somehow. To-day we have a dozen hens and raise each year a few chicks. We eat all the eggs. Our garden supplies all summer, and many winter vegetables. I do all the work in the garden excepting the plowing, all my own housework, dressmaking, and always some outside work.

Most of the farm is a blueberry swamp, from which we get enough berries for our own use and many to sell. My boy cares for the hens, does all the odd carpentering, and has begun to take an interest in the garden. The girls run errands.

We are happy in our home, but go almost nowhere. One or two evenings out of a year is all I can boast. A dozen or so picnics with a swim in the pond is the extent of our outings. We go to church on Sunday. I belong to no organizations. Often I haven't ready money for a postage stamp.

Our neighbors know our farm is not a success. But we love it.

MRS. MARY SALMON,
Georgetown, Mass.

What We Did With One Acre

IN THE East our ranch would be called a lot. In the West it is an acre ranch. Three years ago it was desert. Now it has on it a dozen walnut trees, three plums, two apple, one cherry, one quince, three apricot, one pear, blackberries, raspberries, grapes, and a garden.

The plum tree has put out dozens of new shoots this spring, and has two plums. I have had at least $500 worth of pleasure in watching that tree grow.

In the back is an alder tree. It matters not how crowded the pleasure resorts may be, there is always quietude under that tree with its lacy blossoms.

Three goats furnish enough milk for our family of three, and a flock of hens furnishes more than enough eggs for us. The other two members of my family are regaining health on a diet of milk and eggs—and fresh air.

Each radish may cost us two bits; but, if figured in the joys of life, our ranch is a paying proposition.

ELIZABETH BOSWELL,
San Fernando, Cal.

Pa, Ma, and Me

OUR farm is one of thousands—thirteen acres, managed by Pa, Ma, and me, with extra help during the picking seasons. I have a fourteen-hundred-dollar salary from a downtown office; Pa jazzes around on real estate business between fruit seasons; Ma raises chickens and rents rooms.

Last year we borrowed $750.00 for running expenses and Pa had to go at other work to pay back the debt. This year we've borrowed $500, $300 of which we've already lost. And right here I'd like to point out that the trouble isn't with the farm. On our fancy-packed cherries, which sold on the New York market at 15 cents a pound, we received as our returns ¼ cent a pound. The cost of picking, boxing, and packing was 3¾ cents a pound, or a loss of 3½ cents a pound; not considering the cost of production. It's plain, isn't it, who profits from the farmer!

MINNIE E. ROBINSON, Sebastopol, Cal.

A Hard Fight in California

ON ACCOUNT of poor health I left town in 1914 and with my wife and four small children moved to a locality which other people were leaving because of crop failures caused by droughts and summer frosts. Our capital being less than two thousand dollars, we settled on sagebrush land.

At first, when we had everything to buy and nothing to sell, our capital decreased alarmingly fast. We bought building material for house, cattle shed, chicken houses, and fences; bought horses, harness, cows, chickens, implements, and furniture; cleared and fenced forty acres; dug two wells, installed pumps, bought pumping engines for irrigating garden and sawing wood.

We now have seven children. We generally pay cash for what we buy, but haven't paid for the land yet and a couple of times we have had to borrow to pay doctor's bills. We own two horses, ten milk cows, about a dozen young stock, and ten dozen chickens. We raise rye, hay, buy all grain feed, sell cream, eggs, vegetables, and strawberries. Our income last year was thirteen hundred dollars.

ANDREW ESKILDSEN,
Mt. Hebron, Cal.

I'm Glad I Came to Oregon

FOR many years I was a traveling salesman. Twelve years ago I cut loose and came to Oregon, bought fifteen acres near McMinnville, built a house and other buildings and then went to work. To-day we have the best of health, eight acres of Italian prunes, two acres of apples, all full bearing.

Five acres we use for garden and pasture. We have a nice flock of chickens and a good cow. Our surplus vegetables and the sale of eggs and milk supplies our table. The prunes and apples are most all clear profit.

Each succeeding year the yield of fruit increases. We have made a good living, and now we are making some money. We do all the work except picking fruit and raise most of our feed for the fowls and stock.

Am 62 years young and enjoy best of health—something that money cannot buy. Have never regretted coming to Oregon.

GEORGE J. SWIFT, McMinnville, Ore.

Winning Out in Oregon

FOURTEEN hundred dollars was our pile and twelve of that we paid down in 1911 for our original forty acres.

Then came years of striving to meet bills, buy implements, stock up and pay the interest and taxes; years when, try as we might, the principal indebtedness remained stationary.

Since then the forty has grown to one-hundred and twenty—the stock (we lived here a year before we were able to buy a cow) include a small dairy herd, well bred horses, young mules, hogs, (as many as can be raised profitably) a dandy flock of sheep, not mentioning poultry and bees.

Our farm is enclosed and cross-fenced with wire; we have a substantial five-room bungalow, store cellar, garage, and various outbuildings, and we own it clear of any incumbrance.

Products sold yearly from our farm are hay, grain, potatoes, pork, veal, mutton, wool, honey, poultry, eggs, cream, and beef.

Not thirteen years of the usual vicissitudes incident to raising a family (of girls) and paying for a farm have changed my first conviction, namely, "There's no life like farm life."

MRS. GEORGE C. TRUESDALE,
Powell Butte, Ore.

Living or Dead

Continued from page 4

is! Harry c'n do anything—sew, cook, fight, fly. Say, when's he coming?"

"He'll be right along."

Stuffy took off his coat, got into a khaki flying suit—an exact duplicate of the one Red wore—and climbed to the pilot's seat; then disappeared into the compartment.

"It sure is a tight fit," he announced dubiously, "but I guess I can squeeze through."

"Sure, you can. I'm not worried about that. I'm thinking that the bus is going to be darn tail-heavy. We'll make it, though. I dumped all the gas except a half-hour's worth. There's Harry."

In the small tent which had been set up to hold their paraphernalia the other two sat watching Harry Myrick while he changed to the close-fitting white suit he used for his wing stunts. Next he spread a towel under his chin like a bib, smeared a light coat of cold cream over his face, and dusted it with a yellowish powder. With the soot from a candle, he darkened the skin about his eyes. The effect was cadaverous. When he grinned his face became a death's head.

"Gosh!" remarked Stuffy. "That looks awful!"

"There's others 'll think so," Harry Myrick replied, inspecting himself in a small mirror. "Believe me, when I get my imagination going, things happen. It's nine-thirty. We better be getting aboard. Pelly might show up early. Send that watchman for a package o' cigarettes, Red. This is our party an' we don't want nobody else in on it."

Through the opening of the compartment Red peered in at them and laughed. "You birds stay plastered up forward, or we'll come down in a bunch of junk," he warned.

For three-quarters of an hour they sat there, cramped, waiting. Stuffy's legs went to sleep; he developed a crick in his neck; he wanted to smoke.

"And have this bus spouting smoke like a steam packet?" demanded Red. "Not a chance!"

"If Pelly throws us down," announced Harry Myrick, "I'll go up an' wrap his neck right around his ankles. Wouldn't it be just like that dirty pup—"

"Shut up!" whispered Red over the edge of the cockpit. "Here he comes! Swing that door closed!" He advanced toward the president of the Dream City Land Company. "Howdy, Mr. Platt? All ready for you." From the compartment he thought he heard a half-suppressed titter.

HE MOUNTED to his seat, kicked the door, and said: "Keep quiet, you fools, we can hear you all over the field!" He gave the starting magneto a whirl and the engine roared; then he went to Pelly and discussed soberly the various angles from which they should shoot pictures. Pelly wanted more than a dozen snapped, so they agreed upon two dozen. It made little difference, since they had no camera aboard.

He helped Pelly into the forward seat. Myrick and Johnson, against the panel at the victim's back, were remaining silent, but the silence was so ominous that Red nearly laughed, and he hid his head behind Pelly while he fastened the straps.

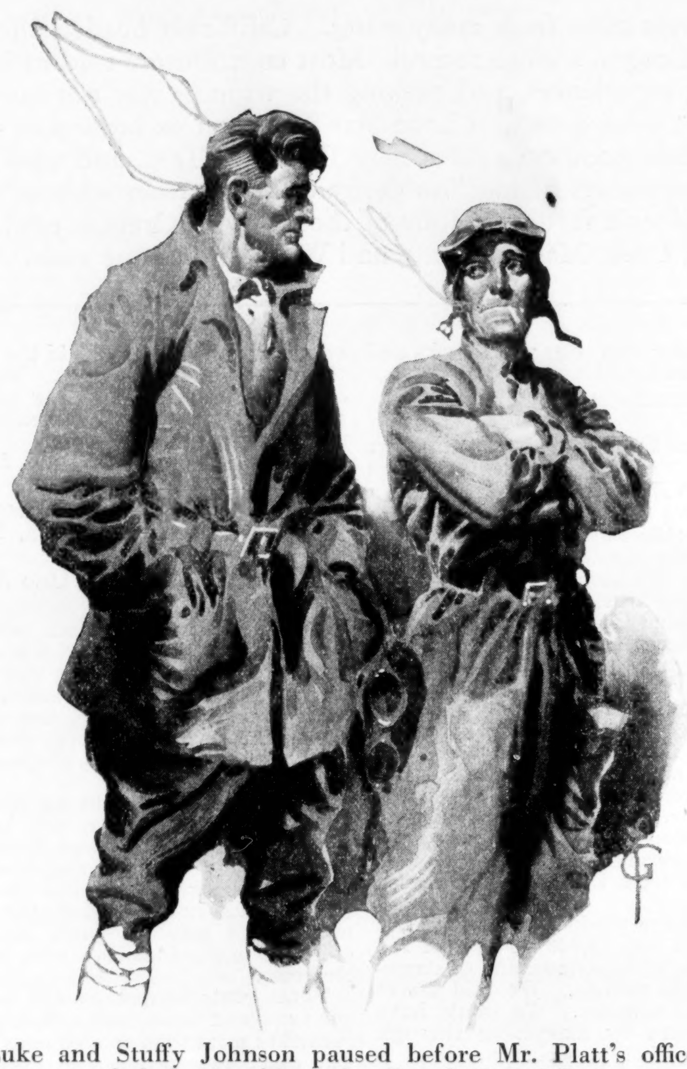
Pelly, important, cocksure, waved an impressive farewell to the friends who had accompanied him to the field, and settled his hat more securely upon his head. It was inevitable, of course, that the hat would be blown off in the first blast from the propeller, thereby dimming the impressiveness of the occasion.

Red, in the pilot's seat, pushed open the door to the baggage compartment. Two broad grins answered his own expression. He opened the throttle, Pelly's hat went sailing; Pelly's arms shot up to grab it and were savagely wrenched back in the wind. He turned a pained, surprised countenance upon Red.

The big plane, loaded too heavily aft, waddled down the field and lifted its tail reluctantly; reluctantly it took to the air and hung there, wavering and gathering speed. At last it commenced to climb; South Haven and the bare green fields of Dream City slipped beneath them.

Pelly turned inquiringly—motioned, but Red Luke's eyes were fixed far ahead of the plane. After several minutes, Red glanced into the compartment, crooked a finger at Stuffy Johnson, who stiffly made his way to the door.

WHEN Pelly next glanced about, demanding with the full force of outraged expression where in thunder Red Luke thought he was going, he discovered the pilot—khaki-clad, black-and-white-checked helmet—standing up in his seat, gazing back toward the vanishing site of Dream City. Pelly rose in his seat as far as the straps would allow and yelled. The blast of wind caught his open mouth and strangled him.



Red Luke and Stuffy Johnson paused before Mr. Platt's office. "This baby's after big jack, all right," said Red

The plane, apparently unguided, running wild, began to lurch horribly, while the pilot balanced precariously in danger of toppling overboard. Then the pilot, face hidden, pointed insanely back toward Dream City.

"Sit down!" screamed Pelly into the roar of the engine. "Sit down!"

Harry Myrick, ear against the panel, listened, beaming, and nodded to Red Luke, who was crouched down over the controls, hidden from Pelly's sight. Red gave Stuffy a jab in the leg with his elbow, yanked the plane about in another wild lurch.

Stuffy Johnson, still pointing toward Dream City, lost his balance and shot out into the immensity of the sky; and the plane, losing all semblance of control, lashed furiously. It whipped about and tumbled and reared up, dived earthward and took prodigious leaps.

Pelly, transfixed, throat dry and the palms of his hands dripping, grabbed the cowling and whimpered. Had he looked down, he might have seen Stuffy Johnson's parachute open like a huge white flower against the green of the earth; but there would have been small consolation in that for him—alone in the air, nearly a mile high, riding a pilotless, careening, runaway airplane.

The plane handled more easily now, with Stuffy's one hundred and sixty-odd pounds overboard. Harry Myrick was making his way aft. He squirmed into the pilot's seat, keeping his head down. Red edged about to the compartment, where he sat humped over in the door.

The course of the plane became smoother instantly, and the roar of the motor began to diminish. Harry Myrick's cadaverous face came up over the windshield. Pelly, terror-stricken, was doubled over in his seat, hands still gripping the cowling. Then, suddenly, the motor was throttled, and Harry Myrick's voice boomed out resonantly: *"Joe Pelly!"*

Pelly, who had not heard his own name spoken in six years, turned as though his muscles had become congealed. Face twisted, lips parted, he took in that yellowish specter drawn somehow from a grave at Penang—took it in with eyes that were round, stark, unblinking.

Harry Myrick grinned at him, and uttered a long-drawn, sepulchral, "Ha . . . ha . . . ha . . ."

THE plane dived, gave a sickening lurch upward, whipping Pelly forward in his seat; it lashed about, tormented, in the sky.

Somehow, Pelly's confused, battered senses came to realize that South Haven was directly beneath him. He dared to look around toward the pilot's seat once more, and found there Red Luke's unconcerned face; that black-and-white checked helmet which he had seen launched overboard. The roar of the motor died, and the field came flooding up beneath them; then the wheels were bounding along the ground and the tail-skid was biting into the earth, dragging them to a stop.

Two men stepped up to the plane. One of them pulled back his coat and showed a police badge. "Come on, Pelly," he said. "We want you."

Pelly struggled in the belt until Red Luke unfastened the catch; then he arose and tumbled out into the arms of the two officers, babbling incoherently, pointing.

"He seemed to go kind o' nuts in the air," remarked Red. "Acted like he was seeing things. There are some people that just can't stand flying. But he'll be all right after he's been locked up a while and has a chance to think it over."

Pelly, limp, blubbering now, was pointing skyward. "Up there . . . up there, I tell you . . . Myrick . . . I saw him, I tell you . . . up there! . . ."

"That's all right," said one of the men. "You tell the judge about it. Come on."

Red watched them stow him in a taxi, and remarked over the edge of the cockpit: "If you want to kiss your little playmate good-by, you better hurry."

"Nope," answered Myrick. "Me and Joe Pelly are square."

It was nearly midnight. Stuffy Johnson arose and stretched. "Where do you think that crazy little runt has gone to, Red?"

"I dunno. He's all right. He'll show up some time to-night."

"Well, I'm going to bed. G'night."

"Me, too. 'Night."

Red was awakened by Harry Myrick shaking him by the shoulder. "Wake up, Red. I got a surprise for you!" Red mumbled unintelligibly. "Wake up, you. poor slab-head, an' see what I got! Come on, Dooley, get up on the bed 'n' tell him about it."

A LONG, warm, wet tongue took a swipe at Red Luke's face, and he sleepily fought it off, but the tongue was irrepressible. Red sat up to behold a reddish, blackish mutt puppy facing him, tail thumping the bed.

"You remember that day at Long Beach when I told you about Pelly?" demanded Dauntless Harry Myrick. "Well, I got thinkin' about it, an' how we were sayin' that day that we wanted a dog, only we didn't have any place to carry him. Remember?"

"I didn't want any dog!" responded Red stoutly. The pup pounced upon him with fervid enthusiasm.

"Sure you did!" said Harry. "Well, to-day I felt so darn' good after I cooked Pelly's hash—"

"Who cooked it?"

"Well—*we* did. But it was my idea, anyhow. It was my imagination. But I felt so fine—kind o' like I loved everybody in the world. You know how you feel when you're all stewed up—only I didn't have even a drink. So I gets thinking about it, an' I decide we got to have a dog. An' then I found out where the poundmaster lived an' I went there an' gave him twenty-five bucks to open the joint up an' let me have my pick of all the unclaimed mutts."

"You poor sap, you're always blowing your money!" observed Red, giving the dog a pat and fending off the consequent assault. "Gosh, he's got sharp teeth!"

"Sure has! Well," pursued Harry Myrick, "I'm a pretty happy mutt to-night, an' so I thought I'd make some other little mutt happy. And he sure is! Dooley is one happy mutt!"

"Dooley? That's a helluva name for a dog!"

"He answers to it, anyhow," replied Myrick. "Don't you, Dooley?"

The pup's tail thumped the bed.

"Sure—he'd answer to anything. Wouldn't you, Fido?" The tail thumped in even wilder ecstasy.

"He's only a pup," protested Harry Myrick. "He'll learn that Fido ain't his name, an' that Dooley is. Give him a chance."

A half hour later, Red's voice sounded through the darkness, accompanied by Dooley's tail: "Say, Harry, let's cut a hole in the bottom of the compartment and put in a sheet of glass so Dooley can look down and see where we're going. And, then, I was thinking that we might rig up a little door in the side so's he could get in and out when we're parked. That could be his dog house."

"Sure! He'd like that!" answered Harry Myrick. "We'll rig up the compartment to-morrow. Shut up, Dooley! G'night, Red."

"G'night, Harry."

seems like a pretty nice boy. Just who is he?"

Cora smiled the smile of the vindicated. "You see, I told you a little change of scene would buck you up. Now you're beginning to look and act human again. Of course Abernathy is a nice boy—'nice' is the word, all right. Up to the time his old dad, John the first, succumbed about a year ago his feet had never ventured off the chalk line. He had ambition to be a thoroughgoing sport, but twenty-seven was a little late to start—the family came from Massachusetts. The habit of respectability had him by then, and so he's still got the pile the old man left him and he's as safe anywhere as a government bond."

"Well, I won't hold that against him," said April.

In subsequent meetings she found nothing at all objectionable in young Mr. Abernathy. Two day's later he and Johnson asked and received permission to take Cora and her to lunch; then one afternoon they all went in Johnson's car for a ride up the Drive; then there were more dinners after the show. And on each of these occasions April talked to Abernathy about Archie and he listened with the same grave display of attention as on the first night. She told him about the pictures Archie had painted, about his hopes, and whenever Abernathy put in a comment it was always interested, always the proper thing.

The comfort she got out of these conversations rather puzzled April. They left her with a feeling of quiet peace and certitude and of relaxation. She learned that she could speak more freely of her husband to Abernathy than to anyone else she had ever known, not even excepting Cora! And she wanted to speak of Archie these days. . . . It was strange. She liked Abernathy, found herself looking forward eagerly to the next time she would see him.

AT THE end of the second week Abernathy telephoned to April at the theatre one afternoon to ask if he might take her to supper alone. Johnson had been called out of town, he explained, and Cora, whom he had seen earlier in the day, had said she had another engagement. After a brief deliberation April told him that he might. Spring had suddenly deserted New York that day; it had been a chill and dripping one; and April, who was just in possession of another hurried letter from Archie, felt an inexplicable dread at the thought of going home to brew midnight tea for herself alone.

She was somewhat diffident when the time came to tell Cora, but Cora saved her the trouble.

"I saw Abernathy to-day and he told me he wanted to take you to eat to-night," she said. "Did you tell him he could?"

April nodded. "He said you had some other sort of date," she murmured apologetically.

"Only a business one—with the lawyer who handled my first divorce case. He's been looking over some chicken farms in the wilds of Jersey and Connecticut for me. I never could talk business before show time, somehow. But don't worry, I'll be home long before one."

As it turned out, however, April did worry a great deal. The evening failed completely to go off as she had anticipated. Their table was the quietest, the least conspicuous in the quiet supper club; but now that they might talk freely without the necessity of circumventing companions, her reaction to Abernathy was disturbingly not the same. For one thing, Abernathy himself was more talkative than she had ever known him to be: she had no chance to mention Archie. Smilingly but firmly he insisted upon choosing the topics of conversation, and these topics, for the most part, had a very direct connection with himself. This was fatal. A girl who had known as many men as April had was certain to be hearing far too many familiar phrases.

The supper which was placed between them was a thing that reflected considerable thoughtful planning on Abernathy's part, but April, though she did not know it, had not come to eat, nor yet to dance. At the end of an hour she was profoundly bored; and she felt nothing but relief when two o'clock came and they could go home.

Abernathy spent an annoyingly long time in the coat-room while she waited in the hall, and in the taxi his depressing garrulity continued. It persisted to April's very threshold, where she fitted her key, swung the door open, and standing framed against the dim light in the living room, silently thanked her stars that the evening was over and would never have to be repeated, and aloud told her escort that she had had a very pleasant time.

But Abernathy did not leave. Instead he stepped into the room also and closed the door behind him.

"I wanted to come in for just a minute," he explained.

"It's late," said April meaningly, "but won't you sit down?"

Standing over her in his expensively tailored overcoat, his face a trifle flushed, he shook his head. His eyes fastened on hers. Suddenly he dropped his hat, reached out, and caught both her arms.

"Maybe you won't want me to stay after I've said what's in my mind," he breathed. "But I've got to say it! April—April—I love you!"

As he spoke the words he bent toward her, and his breath fell across her face. Its aroma was an explanation of all that had puzzled her during the evening.

Angered and surprised, she tried to back away from him, but his hands gripped harder.

"You mustn't say things like that," she gasped. "You know—"

"Yes, I know, but I've got to. I tell you! I've got to! I love you, April! I love you. I've loved you ever since that first night on the balcony. Oh, before that, I guess. From the first time I laid eyes on you. I don't care—husbands, conventions, opinion—what do they amount to against love? They can't *stop* it, neither can I. I tell you I love you, and you've got to—"

"Hush," she demanded, stamping her foot. "And let me go! You're being foolish!" Again she struggled to get away from him, but he drew her implacably closer.

Her back was to the bedroom door. She threw a glance over her shoulders; saw that the door was closed. Thank the Lord, Cora was home.

"Cora's in the next room," she warned. "Let me go now or I'll call for her and wake up the neighbors to boot."

Abernathy hugged her tighter, and his face hardened. "Whether or not the neighbors get their rest is no concern of mine. *I* haven't had any for weeks. Oh, you can't deny you've given me some encouragement now—all that talk about your husband in Arizona, that's what every actress hands out, you know, and it doesn't mean anything. They've all got a husband somewhere—always somewhere else. Now, I'm here, a flesh and blood man, and I'm telling you I love you, April, and the least you can do is to listen—"

He was drunker than she had thought.

"Let me go!"

"Listen to what I have to say."

"Cora!" cried April. "Cora, come here, please."

ALMOST before her words were out the door-knob clicked.

"Cora, I'm afraid Mr. Abernathy has had a drink too many. Sorry to disturb you, please assure him it's time to go home."

Abernathy's hands abruptly relaxed their grip. She looked up. His face was white and his eyes staring. She smiled slightly and turned round. And then her own heart suddenly stopped beating and all the blood seemed to rush out of her body, leaving it a white, clammy thing.

"Archie!"

For Archie, and not Cora, stood in the bedroom door.

(*Continued on page 26*)

Celebrated Clicquot Club Ginger Ale
Clicquot Club Ginger Ale
Celebrated Clicquot Club Extra Dry Ginger Ale

Cool to cold!

To drink ginger ale at its rarest and best is to drink Clicquot Club Ginger Ale and to drink it cold. What a shimmery, deep, rich gold it is! What a satisfying ginger tang and life and sparkle it has!

Such ginger ale was never meant to be swallowed at a draught. It should be lingeringly enjoyed. Some like it chilled, that it yield its uttermost flavor to them. Some like the cold ice to clink against the glass and nubble against the lips....

But however they like it, *they all like it.* They can stick to this drink and come back to it time and time again. That's why they like it as well as they do. Order by the case from your grocer, druggist, or confectioner.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY
MILLIS, MASS., U. S. A.

Clicquot
PRONOUNCED KLEE-KO
Club
Ginger Ale

Clicquot Club
SARSAPARILLA
—a sweet, smooth, yet sparkling drink. Add cream to it—and oh, boy! It's called Black Cow, and it's *good!*

The Call of the Moth

Continued from page 25

For half a minute no one seemed able to speak. When April's heart began to beat again it rose into her throat like a hard ball and shut off her breath. Abernathy's lips fluttered, but he made no sound.

It was Archie who first became articulate.

"Get out of here!" he said in a hoarse voice, taking a step toward the other man. "Get out of here quick, before I break your wretched neck!"

Even a wretched neck may be precious to its owner, and Abernathy asked for no proof of sincerity. Suddenly his paralysis was broken. Forgetful of his hat, he made a grab for the door; it slammed behind him; there came the muffled thunder of his feet on the stairs.

April swallowed. She was trembling.

"Toots! What—what on earth! What *are* you doing *here?*"

He made no move toward her. He stood regarding her with a hard, unblinking stare, his face very white, his lips compressed in a crooked, unattractive line.

"I got in town three hours ago. I found no one here, and I was in there"—jerking his head toward the bedroom—"packing a few of your things so you could leave for Tucson with me in the morning. After what I just heard and saw I see no reason for finishing the job."

She had never known his voice to be like that—it terrified her.

"But Toots—"

"Don't call me that!" he roared. He snatched a soft hat from his pocket, clapped it on, and started for the door.

"But I thought you had been in Tucson all this time," April persisted.

"So I have. When I saw that my work there was going to take twice as long as I thought, I was fool enough to get horribly lonely for you, and to imagine you were feeling the same way. It seemed I couldn't get along any more unless I had you with me. I thought maybe you'd be about ready to come by now, and if you weren't, I meant to take you anyway—to take you by surprise, as it were. . . . Well, I see I did that, all right—you and your bootlegger friend," he bit out, taking hold of the knob and pulling the door open. "But quite evidently I was mistaken about your loneliness," he went on acridly. "And as I am by nature a soft-hearted creature I can't find the courage to interrupt such pleasant times as you have obviously been having. So good night."

"Archie!"

THE door slammed so hard that April choked on her frightened cry and then stood rigid, stunned with shock. When her muscles came under control again she ran out of the room and down the stairs, sobbing softly. But Archie had moved fast. Waverly Place was empty.

She retraced her steps, but slowly, for her feet seemed too heavy to lift. The events of the last few minutes had with jarring suddenness effected a rearrangement of her vision. Now it was clearer than it had ever been. And her gaze turned inward and she read accurately for the first time her own heart, discovered her true station in the world.

She saw that above everything else she loved Archie. All other things were incidental notes in that major symphony; their presence or removal could not alter it. . . . And she saw that unless she was forever where she could lay her love before Archie she must become a malformed, miserable plant. . . . And Archie was gone—she didn't know where. . . .

So naturally she went into the bedroom, threw herself on her bed, and gave way to a tempest of grief. . . . Presently she thought of Cora.

"It's *your* fault!" she gulped into the pillow. "All your fault! If it hadn't been for you with your 'picking-up' parties—Oh, I—I hate you! I never want to see you again, never!" And she forthwith got up from the bed and locked the door leading into the living-room; then she buried her face again in the wet pillow.

But one cannot sob forever. At last she drained herself of tears, and then, as she lay motionless in the still room, she fell asleep. . . .

A sharp rapping on the door brought her to with a start.

"Go away!" she muttered, her mind still drugged. "I don't want to see you—ever, ever, ever. Go away."

"Oh, my God, Rilla, where've you been! You've got to see me, you've got to. I'll break down this door. Rilla, I've made a terrible mistake."

But the voice on the other side of the door was not Cora's. "Oh!" said April. She leaped up and turned the key.

When Archie had nearly crushed the life out of her he regained his voice and rushed on. "Oh, honey, when you didn't answer I was afraid you'd—afraid something had—but never mind now. Forgive me, will you—can you? I've been the prince of all fools, Rilla!" His tone was one of abject contrition. "A few minutes ago, walking uptown, I met Cora and some old fellow on their way down here, and I took her to task. About the way—the way she'd looked after you. And, Rilla, she told me everything—how she'd introduced you to that bounder I ran out of here, and why you like him, and how this was the first time you'd ever been out alone— Oh, I guess I acted like an ass. But, honey, I do love you so."

All April knew was that she wanted to snuggle against his vest.

"It's all right, old Toots," she comforted. "I understand, and it's all right—as long as you keep on loving me. I didn't mean to keep *you* out; I thought you were Cora. I'd been asleep."

WHEN Cora came for her belongings at ten the next morning she found the apartment deserted, but there was a scribbled note from April on the dining table, flecked with crumbs of golden toast. It began! "You dear old lump of logic," and ended with the words: "Archie likes it so that for all I know we may stay for good. If we do, I'll send you a copy of my first speech before the mothers' club."

As she finished reading it Cora's eyes grew damp, and she stood for a time staring through the window at the yellow sunshine, then said aloud:

"She went with him, the little fool! . . . Lord, why couldn't I have done something like that, just once?"

The Mountain

Continued from page 16

And while she stared at him, a new fury rising in her eyes, he turned and strode away. Bob moved at his side. As they passed the fire, the woman found speech. She flung after them such a dark flood of spattering imprecations that young Holder was appalled. Once he looked back, but Dave pressed steadily on, and in the end Bob followed him.

The dancer was left beside the cold fire swaying in the grip of her own rage; as they escaped her, she turned toward the van and they heard her shrill tones till they were far away.

The two men walked swiftly up the hill along the wood road. Dave's eyes were straight ahead of him, but Bob's wandered. When they had gone perhaps half the way they saw approaching the figure of a man running. A small man—Steve.

He discovered them at the same moment and, without checking his furious pace, swung in among the trees, rounded them, and raced on toward the pond. Bob asked sharply: "Who's that?"

"He drives the truck," Dave replied.

"Where's he been?" Bob asked, but Dave did not answer. Nevertheless the question remained in Bob's mind, tormenting him. A companion question, inevitably born, at last found utterance. "Where's Jennie?" he demanded.

"At home, abed," said Dave, striding on.

BUT he was mistaken, for when they turned into the highroad at last they saw Jennie before them. She was going toward the house, and as she walked she seemed to weave to and fro across the road. Bob overtook her with a bound and saw that her cheeks were streaked with tears.

Expecting to find Bob waiting for her by the orchard wall, Jennie had discovered Steve instead, and the discovery was so surprising—she had been so sure of finding Bob—that she was for a moment unable to collect herself. She had been tremulous with happy expectations; the revelation was powerful and disturbing. So while Steve approached her she stood without moving, groping for solid ground again, and without resistance on her part he took her hand and pressed it in formal greeting, and dropped it again. "Yes, sis, I'm glad you happened to come out," he told her, his small countenance wrinkled in a broad grin.

"But I did not know you were here," Jennie told him helplesly. She was on the point of saying who it was she had expected—caught herself with a thought of caution.

Steve pressed the point with good-natured insistence. "Who did you think was here?" he asked. "I'll bet you've got a sweetie. Now, sister!"

"I came out because I couldn't sleep," she equivocated.

He nodded, leaning against the wall and lighting a cigarette. "That's me too," he told her. "Luigi and Her Highness were squabbling around camp, cussing each other out, so I took the air."

"They were quarreling?"

"I'll say so!"

"Why?" she asked. "What happened?"

He flicked away the ash. "They're at it half the time," he told her carelessly. "When it ain't one thing it's the other, with them. Oh, they have some hot times." He grinned at her again. "Usually it kind of gets my goat, but I'm tickled to death to-night. If I'd hit the hay, I wouldn't have seen you."

"Was it about me?" she insisted, her fears prompting the question. She had not stirred since she first saw him clamber over the wall—stood very tall and still and quiet. Bue her eyes were uneasy. So many things might happen to shatter this dream that bade fair to come true. Perhaps something had already happened. In her anxiety she forgot her situation; forgot Bob; forgot her startled surprise at encountering the chauffeur.

He shook his head and winked at her. "You know better than that, I guess," he told her. "No, sister. Don't worry. It wasn't you. You made a hit with them both."

"A hit?" she asked.

"I'll say so. I never saw either one of them so stewed up over anything. Oh, you're good. I'll hand you that. Say, you'll make their eyes stick out, when you hit Broadway. You're going to be a knockout. Take it from Steve."

She flushed with slow pleasure. "Do you think so?"

He extended one hand, palm down, as though pressing away the very possibility of failure. "A knockout," he repeated. "A riot. Why, you're there!"

"It's hard for me to think it," she told him. She was full of friendliness because he had praised her; was in a mood to be friends with everyone, that night.

HE NODDED, flicking the butt of his cigarette into the grass. "I've seen 'em all," he assured her. "Some of them can dance and some of them are queens to look at, but no pep. You've got everything."

She moved forward to tread on the glowing cigarette butt, an automatic precaution. "I'll have to learn so many things," she murmured.

"Not such a lot, at that," he told her. "You never went around much, did you? It'll be queer for you at first. But you'll catch on. The whole story is to make friends and keep in with them. You'll do that without trying."

"Is it wonderful there?" she asked, and he grinned widely.

"Say, sister!" he exclaimed. "You ain't seen nothing yet."

She drew nearer him without being conscious that she did so, her hands clasped together as she groped for words. There were so many questions she wished to ask, yet could not frame them; so many things she wished to know, about which she knew so little that she could not even inquire. Yet Steve could tell her if he would. He saw her emotion and changed his posture, assuming one of more assurance, one arm thrown along the top of the wall, one knee bent, his hand upon his hip. He was somewhat vain of his hair, and so he took off his cap and stuffed it into his pocket.

"Do you live in New York?" she asked.

He grinned, and then he laughed. "Yes, sister," he told her. "Yes, you'll see a lot of me. I'll be hanging around. I'll show you some things myself. You stick to Steve."

"Maybe I can't come," she said a little ruefully.

"Why can't you?"

"Maybe father won't want I should."

He looked at her curiously, almost appraisingly. "If I had an old man that tried that, I'd show him something," he suggested.

"What would you do?"

"I'd leave him flat," he assured her.

"I couldn't," she said thoughtfully. She knew her father, and she weighed this possibility. "I have no money, no way to get there."

He said carelessly: "Come along with us."

The suggestion, so casually made, struck her with astonishing force. She had not considered such a possibility—had not even considered the obvious fact that the dancer would soon go on her way; that she would be left behind with her dreams. "Are you going?" she asked.

"We'll move on in a day or two," he told her. "We keep moving. See the country. You'd like it, all right. We hit a town every few days, see a movie or something. Hit one of these hick dances sometimes. You better come?"

"I never thought of it," she said.

"Well, think it over," he urged. "I'll take care of you if you come."

"Did she tell you to ask me?"

He shook his head. "My own idea," he said ingratiatingly. "Hand it to me!" At the same time he straightened up and stood facing her. "Let's sit down and talk it over," he suggested. "It ought to go big."

She was thinking it over, but she made no move to sit down. At first her heart had leaped at the suggestion, but something intangible in his demeanor had begun to make her uneasy. So now she proposed objections, drawing a little away from him. Steve was enjoying himself. During this adventure through the Maine hills he had encountered other girls, had found them usually kindly disposed and impressed by his sophistication; he had attended a dance or two and had no difficulty in discovering partners. Jennie was more attractive than any other he had seen—infinitely more attractive. But that did not alter the fact that she was, after all, a country girl, and they were all alike. He had no particular misgivings; his moves were confident.

"There isn't room for me," she urged slowly.

"Oh, we can take care of you," he assured her.

"I remember now," she murmured, recalling the interior of the van as she had seen it when she went with Steve, the evening before, to fetch the dancer's belongings. "I remember now, there are two bunks in the truck."

He grinned. "Well, you might get one of them, at that. If Luigi stays on his high horse, she's apt to kick him out."

THE remark was carelessly made; it did not occur to Steve to guard his tongue. But to Jennie's preceptions, lulled though they were by the glamour of her dreams, what he said struck the first false note in the picture. It left a blot upon a fair white page. She drew back, her eyes widening, in faint alarm. "Luigi?" she repeated.

"Yeah!"

"Does he—sleep there?"

"Sure," he told her, surprised at her surprise. "Why wouldn't he?"

She caught at a straw. "I didn't know they were married."

He laughed indifferently. "What's that got to do with it?" He saw her increased alarm and misinterpreted it—seized upon the moment for his own purposes. "Don't let that bother you," he told her. "If they fix it up, you can share my tent with me."

The succeeding instant seemed to Jennie eternity, an eternity full of chaos. All the fabric of her dreams came tumbling down. There was a roaring in her ears, and before her eyes that which had until this moment seemed a prospect wholly beautiful became a path broken by ruts and ugly with dark mire. She had that fundamental cleanliness of mind and heart which resulted from her natural delicacy, her thoughtful hours alone, and from the glory of her love for Bob Holder, newly come into her life. By the beauty of the dancer, of Luigi's music, of the word pictures which the strange woman drew, she had been so dazzled that her eyes had failed to look beneath the surface, failed to see the ugly soil from which, like an unhealthy tropical vine, this beauty sprang.

There was between her experience and that of her father a very definite psychological parallel. Like her father, she had been, by this first glimpse of beauty, blinded to reality; like him her eyes were open now.

Even so, Steve might, if he had been wise enough to read the signs, have escaped disaster, and retired, even though it were with empty hands. But this moment, when Jennie drew back with a swift and startled step and pressed her hands against her cheeks and stared at him in dismay, seemed to him his cue to press boldly forward, overriding her reluctance. He did so. He overtook her, put his arm around her waist, and exclaimed: "Come on! I'll look out for you."

She was rigid as stone, her hands still pressing her hot cheeks, but her eyes stared down at him as his arm encircled her. His countenance, which had seemed so friendly, was hideous now. He put both arms around her and sought to cosset her and abruptly the bonds which held her were loosed—all her fine young strength leaped into action. Her hands swept down, struck him in the face, thrust his head back, broke his hold, flung him away so that his heels caught and he fell. He scrambled to his feet, his mouth twisted with rage, and groped toward her again; and Jennie, something of her father's capacity for violence and anger waking in her, met him halfway.

She struck at him as a woman strikes, blindly, with the heels of her fists, beating at his head. But she was stronger than most women—this much her manner of life had done for her. She was strong and supple and alert and almost tireless, and she beat at him, and when he sought to catch her wrists she tore them away.

Her right fist struck his eye, blinding him with pain, and he began to give ground, and Jennie relentlessly pursued him. He no longer sought to attack, was anxious only to defend himself and escape with some rags of dignity left.

But Jennie was beside herself—gave him no such opportunity. She was governed by none of the rules which control a conflict between men. So long as he was within range of her fists, she struck; when, as she rushed upon him, he failed to draw away in time and so came against her body, she set her hands in his hair and shook him till he howled. When he twisted free, her raking fingers sought to hold him, dragged along his cheeks and left red furrows there.

Steve was a figure fairly to be pitied. He had, after all, acted according to his lights, but he found himself forced to bear the weight of Jennie's anguish and rage not alone against him, but against the false tinsel of her dreams, against herself for her half yielding to their treacherous allurements. He tried to back away and fell again, and she kicked him—and her kicks had weight to them. He got to his feet, and she fell upon him with such a blustering storm of blows that she fairly knocked him down, and when he was down she kicked him and bent above him to beat him with her fists again.

He tried to climb the wall and escape into the wood, but when he turned his back to her she caught him by the hair. So, keeping his face toward her, he backed away up the hill and turned and tried to run, and Jennie ran after him and overtook him. Her foot struck across the back of his ankle as her hands hit his shoulders, and he fell again, and Jennie fell atop him. It was as though he were embraced by a lioness, and he roared with pain and fright as he struggled to be free.

The little man no longer sought to fight back, scarce even attempted to defend himself against her. He was intent only upon escape. He was full of deadly fear, and there was some reason for this fear. If Jennie had had a weapon to her hand, she must have killed him. His nose was bleeding, his lips were cut, his eye was half closed, his cheeks were furrowed by her nails, and his scalp was torn. Further, her blows—no laughing matter—had bruised his sides, and she had kicked him without regard to where she planted her kicks, with an effect that was outrageously painful.

OUT of this rolling struggle along the ground, Steve was the first to get to his feet, because this was his only purpose, while Jennie was intent on destroying him. Such fury rode her as doubled her powers. When he dragged himself out of her clutches and started to run, she bounded after him again. He reached the road before the house and swung away to the right, and she was on his heels. At his first attempt at flight she had overtaken him with ease, but fear had lent speed to his heels now and he held his own.

Then accident served him—offered him escape—for Jennie tripped in crossing the ditch beside the road and he increased his lead, and when she got to her feet again he was twenty yards away and gathering momentum with every leap.

She ran after him still, but the reaction was beginning to overwhelm her, and after a little, when he had disappeared into the old wood road, she stumbled and slowed and came to a stop. Against an old pine beside the way she buried her face in her hands and wept as though her heart was broken. After a moment she turned wearily back toward home, her feet uncertain, her path an erratic one.

She heard someone coming behind her, and then Bob caught her shoulders and stared into her tear-stained face. Her relief at his coming welled out in a great cry, and she rested deep in his arms and wept aloud.

Dave and Bob saw blood upon the bosom of her gown and knew it was not Steve's blood, and so were frantic

(*Continued on page 28*)

FACTS ABOUT A FAMOUS FAMILY

Day and Night in Dayton

Day and night automobiles are being driven until they are worn out by the General Motors Research Laboratories, at Dayton, Ohio.

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The Mountain

Continued from page 27

with dismay. Bob's first impulse was to thrust her into her father's arms and turn to pursue Steve, whose flight he and Dave had seen. But she clung to him and would not let him go. He thought she was hurt, wounded; and compassion for her and love for her overbore every other feeling, so that he lifted her in his arms and ran along the road toward her home, carrying her like a child. Dave came at his heels. Jennie said no word, happy in Bob's arms.

BY THE old well platform Bob set her down and Dave pumped water and Bob wet his handkerchief and bathed the tears from her cheeks. When her sobs quieted a little, he questioned her, while Dave stood by, listening grimly enough, but saying no word. So they had from her the story of what had happened. In their belief that she was unhurt they found this tale amusing, and chuckled at it till Jennie, through her tears, faintly joined in their mirth. "But it was awful!" she still protested.

Bob agreed with her. "I'm going down to lick the little rat," he declared.

Jennie did not protest. She was willing Bob should whip anyone he chose. But Bob was in no haste to be away. His relief at finding Jennie safe and sound was so great that he clung to her; and Dave watched them, sitting now on the kitchen porch a few steps away, his eyes meditative and serene.

After a while he said suggestively: "Looks to me like you two know each other better than I thought."

This struck them both with some faint consternation. Jennie looked at Bob, and Bob looked at Jennie, and it was Jennie who said: "We want to get married, father."

"How long has it been that way?" Dave asked curiously.

His tone was so mild that they took heart, and Bob said: "Since last night, Dave."

Jennie knew better; she knew it had been that way since the morning before, but she did not correct Bob's statement.

"I never had a notion of it," Dave said.

They were struck to silence then by a sound from the direction of the pond—the sound of a motor. Bob came to his feet and took a step or two toward the road, but Jennie called to him and he halted and stood motionless while they all listened. The distant motor roared in crescendo as the big van climbed the grade from the pond; it came nearer as the truck approached the highroad; it reached its greatest volume when the vehicle turned from wood road into highway, and then diminished and diminished into a distant murmur of sound, to be lost at last in the far silences of the night.

The farm at the foot of the Mountain lay at last as still and as completely at peace as it had been before the dancer came.

They all felt this swift and sweet relief. Bob came slowly back to Jennie's side, and Dave said with sure authority: "That's the last we'll see of them."

Bob sat down with Jennie on the platform by the pump and put his arm around her, and she rested against his shoulder comfortably.

Dave considered this spectacle in meditative silence. At last he rose and took a step toward them.

"Well, Bob," he said. "After the way she handled that other fellow, think you'll be safe with her?"

Bob grinned and held Jennie closer.

"I guess you can handle her," Dave agreed. He bent awkwardly and took his daughter's hand. "Looks to me the best thing you can do is marry him, Jennie," he decided.

She came uncertainly to her feet as Bob released her, and the tall young girl met her father's eyes. In this moment these two discovered an unsuspected kinship of spirit, and for this discovery each would be the richer. Jennie's response to this feeling was diffidently to lift her lips for her father to kiss, and Dave kissed them—and for a moment his arm encircled her so tightly that she gasped for breath.

Then, with no further word, he left them standing together in the moonlight, and went into the house. When he looked back from the kitchen door, they had already forgotten him, turning each toward the other, mutually absorbed.

THE lamp in the kitchen burned like a welcoming beacon. Dave adjusted its wick, finding pleasure in the familiar action. Then he thought of his wound. He stripped off his shirt and backed up to the mirror till he could inspect that narrow red line along his broad shoulder. A matter of no account, he decided, and, lamp in hand, he went slowly into the hall and up the stairs.

In his room he found Mrs. Beard was asleep, undisturbed by all the tumult of the night. He was moved by slow wonder at this. It seemed to him the world had overturned and righted itself again. He looked about the familiar room with the eyes of one who returns to a beloved scene.

His wife's garments hung upon a chair. They were a part of her, a part of this familiar companion of his manhood. A lump slowly formed in the man's throat as he looked at them, finding them by their daily use somehow sanctified. Not conspicuously beautiful, but honest and fine.

He undressed and drew near the bed. His wife's hand and arm lay outside the coverlet, bare to the elbow. On the arm, beneath the transparent skin, he saw the familiar tracery of veins; on the back of the hand they were swollen and conspicuous. The half-bent fingers were scarred and bruised, and the skin upon them was rough and hard.

He found it astonishingly pleasant to look upon these honorable scars, like decorations upon the breast of a valiant warrior. His own rough hand went toward his wife's head upon the pillow and touched her hair with rude caress. She stirred and woke and sat up in bed with wide eyes, to look at him.

"What's the matter, Dave?" she asked. "What's happened? Why ain't you abed?"

He lifted his hand in reassurance. "It's all right, maw," he said. "You go to sleep. Everything's fine."

"What time is it?" she insisted. "Where have you been?"

"Don't fret yourself," he told her comfortably. "Everything's all right. You go back to sleep. I'm coming right to bed."

She settled reluctantly down again, and he blew out the lamp. But before getting into bed something drew him toward the window and he crossed the room and stood, looking out. Across the valley where lay the little pond he could see the stanch bulk of the Mountain, unchanged and unchangeable against the sky.

Sight of it gave Dave a surprising sense of security and peace. There was something in its outline reassuring and benign. THE END

We See by the Papers

IF THE "Get-Out-the-Vote Committee of the Commonwealth Country Club in Chicago has its way, there's going to be no more slacking at the polls.

Mr. George W. Blossom recommends that on election day no one be allowed to tee off until he can state upon his honor that he has voted.

* * *

WHERE is the "Sunday suit" of yesteryear?

"Gone," says a writer in the New York "World." "Gone the way of low-cut waistcoats, padded shoulders, horsehair sofas, and the family picture album. It just isn't."

That's New York, of course. There are other corners of the country where the "Sunday suit" is putting up a stiffer fight. We doubt if it is time to sing a requiem.

Still, the tendency is probably in the direction which the "World" describes. The "Sunday suit" is gradually losing ground.

Dealers in men's clothing say one reason is plain common sense. If a new suit takes its turn with a man's other clothes it wears longer. But more than that. We take more interest in the way we dress for work now. Thursday's appearance interests us as much as the way we deck ourselves for Sunday.

* * *

THEY will be telling us next that Charlie Chaplin isn't known in China, and that somebody in Portugal has never heard about Babe Ruth.

When Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford sent their press agent to arrange an interview with the King of Denmark, on their recent European trip, the Court Chamberlain asked:

"Who are they?"

* * *

FRANCE has had one election, and may face another in the early future. The Paris "Matin" has a suggestion about the way it should be run. "Say It with Flowers."

France, you remember, hasn't two major parties like our own, but a full dozen of them. The "Matin" wants each one to choose a floral emblem, and see that all candidates display it in their buttonholes.

"Thus the election," says the paper, "would gain in grace, beauty, and simplicity." No orations would be needed. No quarrels, and no three-hour speeches. Flowers have a language of their own.

But suppose some of the candidates wanted to hedge a little (we've seen it happen nearer home), and borrow a few ideas from the other fellow?

A buttonhole would be too small. The plan might work with a bouquet.

* * *

"WE HAVEN'T had a call for a 'humorist' in five years."

So says the manager of one of the largest Chautauqua Associations, interviewed by a reporter in Chicago.

No more "magic," no more "jubilee singers;" plays instead of impersonations; less jazz, more grand opera, and lectures-with-a-purpose by men-who-have-achieved.

What's the answer?

Schools? Radio? Sunday papers? Magazines? Modern problems? Growing pains?

* * *

ONE of the welfare bureaus in the German Government has appointed an official teller of fairy stories, and the Toledo "Blade" observes that in the U. S. A. "We don't appoint them. We elect them."

* * *

WHAT color is your aura? M. Georges Lakhovsky, Paris scientist, thinks we are on the eve of a sensational discovery.

Each of us, he says, emits his own peculiar shade of "N-ray," invisible to the eye. It's the same way with birds and insects. That's why night-flying birds can catch their dinners on the wing.

Doctors can look at your aura, when you're sick, and tell you what's the matter with you.

We can use the thing as a sort of rough-and-ready wireless, to talk to each other at great distances.

And no doubt, being humans, we'll be proud of our own colors. "I can't come down now, George," the young lady of the future may call over the banister. "I've just washed my aura, and I can't do a thing with it."

* * *

WHO remembers "Mr. Jernegan"? A British scientist asserts that sun spots have been playing tricks. "The quantity of gold in a ton of sea water has been reduced from one grain to less than one thousandth part of a grain."

One thousandth of a grain to the ton is pretty small. But Mr. Jernegan, if you remember, was the man who looked at the sea a while and then organized a company for the extraction of gold from all this useless water.

For a time, weekly shipments of gold bars arrived in Boston from some mysterious factory. They represented a small fraction of the money that poured in to the new inventor. Then Mr. Jernegan disappeared, and with him went the rest of a very considerable amount of cash. "Sea-water gold" went off the market.

* * *

IN SPITE of all our efforts to simplify life in the small town, says the Kansas City "Star," it grows more perplexing.

"One young woman who lives in a town where there are no lady haircutters in the beauty shops reports that after she had canvassed the whole town and found the man who does the best shingle-bob in the community, the barber promptly proceeded to get himself into jail for bootlegging.

* * *

ONE hundred and twenty-five Boston women adopt the pink rose as their emblem and pledge themselves to work for the celebration of a new annual "day." This one is to be called "Mothers-in-Law Day," and if these Boston ladies want it, they have started none too soon.

A few more years, and at the rate we're going now there won't be any "day" left open on the calendar.

* * *

RED hair is vindicated. Dr. Karl Pearson, European scientist, has tested some 2,000 red-haired boys and finds not only that they haven't "tempers," but that they are more intelligent, popular, and conscientious than any other boys who tried his tests.

Where did the notion of a red hair and a fiery temper start? Perhaps with Nero. The emperor who fiddled while Rome burned had auburn locks. We pass our myths along the ages.

* * *

THE latest thing in "stunts" is an endurance test by an automobile driver who aspired to break all records by staying at the wheel continuously for a hundred hours.

He was handcuffed to a steering post, and accompanied by a doctor and a nurse.

It was part of the "test" that, however tired, he keep driving through crowded traffic.

Someone is going to observe, one of these days, that the real endurance test is of the public's patience.

* * *

BOSCO the wild man—who rattles his chains in the circus tent and likes his meat rich, red, and raw—will shortly be no more. At least, that's what they say.

The Showmen's Legislative Committee has decreed an end to him. The committee is resolved on cleaning house. It disapproves of acts that introduce raw meat. Bad for public morals, it believes.

Times change. Fourth of July was once ushered in with fireworks. Goodby to the wild and woolly. Bosco's going. Who'll be next?

What Makes a Happy Marriage?

Continued from page 5

marriage. Two were utter failures. Of these, one couple separated after they had accumulated nine children, and the other couple, with six children, still fight on, providing semi-tragic entertainment for all their friends.

The twelve late marriages present a peculiar record. They are the most picturesque of all.

Henrietta, from Greenwich Village, having had some experience, and being about 40 years old, married a man of 45, also of experience. They hit it off wonderfully, and idolize the son who arrived at the end of the first year.

Mary, at 36 a war-worker, married a man of 50 she met "over there." They have a fine son, a pretty home, and are devotedly happy.

Hildegarde, at 52 a tender, loving woman, most unwilling to be an old maid, married a widower of 60. They are congenial companions and much more satisfied with life.

Carlotta, a widow, married at 36 a former suitor who had long waited for her. His long bachelorhood, added to an originally stubborn nature, makes him unmanageable, and she is used to having her own way. So there are rows—but neither could get along a day without the other.

Ida, 45, theoretically entirely opposed to marriage, a sentimental little saint, married a fiery man of many adventures, he being 60 and needing quiet. There is no quiet in their home, but they are certainly interested.

Georgiana, a German comic-opera singer and dancer, married at 40 a young Spanish farmer, part Indian, of 25. They get along beautifully.

THE Simpsons married when he was 55 and she 30. He is a fine man, but without money-earning power. She has excellent business ability and loves him, while she does most of the family providing. In this difficult situation, they remain a model couple, after ten years of marriage.

Flossie, an actress, both on and off the stage, and 40 years old, married a hitherto steady young business man of 30. She has taught him to drink in Bohemia, and uses up his salary on personal luxuries. There is some rocky going, but he adores his Flossie.

Gertrude, at 40, good-natured, well-to-do, and rather stupid, married a cowboy about 30 years old. After two years, during which he had more travel, money, and good times than in all the rest of his life, he suddenly committed suicide, no one knows why.

Eleanor, a handsome, severely correct, highly educated, rich old maid shocked the small town over which she ruled by marrying the divorced husband of her dressmaker. She was 45 at the time, and almost every eligible man of that age in town at some time or other had been in love with her. The man she chose was an irresponsible, laughing dare-devil, whom the dressmaker had supported for twelve years. He was about 35. Eleanor gave up her beautiful town home, with every modern convenience, and went to live with him in a two-room shack in the woods, on the edge of a lake. They were actually blissful, living there on her money, hunting, fishing, and playing, until the day of her death, three years later. She told a friend, as she lay dying, that these three years were the only years she had really lived.

I think the happiest marriage I have known was that of Tom and Jennie, colored, who lived in my service for several years. In all that time I never heard them address each other except in wood doves' notes, or call each other any harsher names than "honey." They helped each other in their work in every conceivable way and their happiness was always bubbling up in snatches of song. But they did not marry young. Jennie was about 23 and Tom about 30 when they were united.

OF COURSE more factors than age enter into the question of happiness in marriage, but this attempt to classify them by ages is interesting, and yields some food for thought. So far as I am able to sum up the living vote of people I actually know, on the subject of the best age at which to marry, it is against early marriages.

A survey of the late marriages above set forth shows a remarkable degree of success, considering the unnaturalness of the unions—sometimes the husband much older than the wife, sometimes the wife much older than the husband; and queer combinations as to occupation and social standing. Is it, perhaps, because these older people act from deeper levels than the surface strata revealed by mere adolescence and thus base their unions upon a more profound harmony? Or is it because at least one of the oddly assorted partners is disciplined by life and so able to save the situation?

But, when all is said and done, I must set down my conviction that the profound question of the proper mating of human beings is not to be answered either in the terms of eugenics or of morality—though these matters have their place. Most marriages, whether arranged by conscious thought or by impulse and propinquity, are merely mechanical mixtures, like gunpowder, the constituents of which behave peacefully enough toward each other under ordinary circumstances, but react violently under stress. The true marriage is a chemical union, like water, bringing out a new and permanent nature in the parties to it. No dictum of man, and no moral effort, can give to the inferior mechanical admixture the enduring quality and contentment of the true natural union, at whatever age it may take place.

Kalambo

Continued from page 13

I wanter know where you 'id that bike of yours, and whether your keys is with it. I'm in a tight 'ole. There ain't nothink I'd 'esitate over. It's 'angin' I face west, east, and south. I've been on the dodge till I'm fair peckish on me own shadows, so 'elp me. 'Ewitt, I got to 'ave your bike an' your keys to the safe—where the gold you didn't send south is waitin'. Don't argufy. I know it's there. An' I know somepin' else you don't."

"What?" demanded the American.

"You left Marvin in charge o' the gold, 'e bein' a dead shot. But 'e wolfed too much tinned meat for 'is breakfast, the greedy dog," Kerr commented virtuously. "Not long arter you left 'e come down with another attack o' ptomaine . . . wasn't no time gettin' 'im. So that girl o' 'is is in charge o' the gold. She can't 'it a barn door. An' she'll be took up with nursin' Marvin. Not but what she'll forget 'im before I'm through with 'er. I've 'always fancied 'er, an' she needs a lesson on bein' yuman. I over'eard what she said to 'er dad about me: 'Never 'ave that fellow Kerr around us,' says Princess Mary. ''E pollutes the air by existin'.' Oh, I know you are sweet on 'er, 'Ewitt. An' tellin' you 'ow I mean to 'andle 'er may make you 'arder to do anythink with, but you'll give in to my persuader. You won't be able to 'elp it."

Dumb with horror and rage, Hewitt lay silent. Mary in charge and Marvin, her father, helpless! Kerr's voice had an unmistakable ring of truth in its leering satisfaction and Hewitt knew Marvin had been ill before from tinned stuff. Mary had tried to keep him on fresh foods, but they were hard to get, and the tempting tins were always there.

Mary . . . She was lovely, from her burnished gold coils of hair to her small feet. The darkly blue eyes were pools

(*Continued on page 30*)

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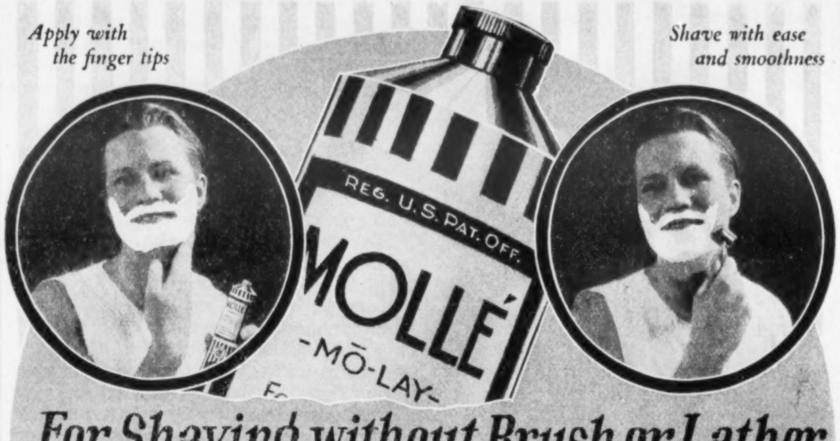

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Kalambo

Continued from page 29

of rich color, with fire in their dear depths. Her satin-soft red lips had only yesterday given Hewitt their mute "yes."

For him she had a gift beyond beauty. She was good and true to the core of her sweet body. Yesterday her eyes had had love's summer in them. But as Kerr talked of her, Hewitt seemed to see them fill with an agonized appeal for safety.

He crushed his teeth on the words boiling up in him. The things he wanted to say to Kerr!

Kerr giggled! "'Ow you look, 'Ewitt!" Then he snarled sharply: "I want the keys, the bike, and the combination to the safe. I'm 'ard pressed for time."

The American had cached the keys in the bicycle's tool box, his usual habit when stalking, because keys jingle and he had more than once lost game on account of them. The machine he had hidden between two scrub-grown termite hills. Now he spoke, in a low, thick voice: "And if you don't get what you want, you slime?"

"Then you get this—you damned toff. If I 'ave to use it on yer, you'll feel like a skinned eel in a barrel of tacks."

As Kerr spoke, he was unhooking the heavy cloth above Hewitt. It fell, covering Hewitt, who sneezed and coughed under it from the dust. Kerr sniggered, stepped down, and uncovered Hewitt's face with a flourish.

Hewitt looked up. In the dust and thickening twilight he could not see clearly, but what he did perceive made him shudder so that the tarpaulin over him rattled. This pleased Kerr intensely, for fear was eating the cockney's nerves, and fear, like misery, loves company. He closed the rickety shutters and lighted a reed torch which licked up the dark. He was very proud of his invention and really anxious to show it off.

AS THE smoke-tufted flame illumined the roped mass of rock fragments hanging above him, Hewitt at first only partially understood. Then, as the light, accommodatingly shifted by Kerr, more fully revealed the horror, Hewitt's face grew pallid. Sweat rose and glistened on his forehead. Kerr grinned triumphantly, his mouth a twisting, black orifice against his bone-white face. Though Hewitt did not speak, Kerr was happy, and for the moment he forgot his own peril as he explained:

"'Ere's the way she works. There's two pulleys, one over each weight. There's a bit over two tons 'angin' over you, 'Ewitt. Big rocks with the points an' jags 'angin' down. I done me best. The tackle I 'ad to work with was rotten, and not much of it, but I fixed 'er good. Them rocks is roped on iron grid. That steel cable 'olds 'er up there. If anythink was to give, you'd 'ave an easy end. The cable runs through them two pulleys. Down there on the floor is another two tons, and over. But 'ere's the point. That there last two tons is in jute bags, and is gravel and sand."

"It's ingenious, but I don't quite understand yet," Hewitt said, hoping that Kerr had not seen the agony of terror which had swept him the moment before.

"I don't say the thing ain't a bit of all right, when you take into account what I 'ad to work with. The cable runs to a drum which is set, as near as I can make it, for a 'undred-pound break. 'Ere's the way it works. When I pulls off that there loose bag, the weights just balance. See?"

Hewitt nodded. He was too dry-mouthed to speak.

"When I slits a small 'ole in one of them jute bags full o' gravel, it begins runnin' out, and the rocks over you will begin droppin' very slowly an' steady. 'Course, if them jute bags burst, the two tons above yer hits you sudden, an' you go out—quick and easy. But if my persuader works it'll take nigh all night to scrag yer. At the last, the rocks will squeeze down leisure like, till they lie full weight on yer, less the 'undred-pound break on the drum. I tried it on a pariah [dog] an' it bashed 'im into sausage. Now, will yer lie 'ere an' watch the two ton sink to yer, or will yer do the right thing by me an' 'elp me to bike, keys, an' combination?"

In the firelit gloom the edges of the projecting mass above seemed to quiver, as the torchlight caused the shadows to waver back and forth. Hewitt stared dumbly up, the cold sweat of personal fear on his face. Then he grew rigid as something crawled over one of his legs. He loathed the venomous black spiders which infested the mines. This felt like one of them. But his mind worked with desperate rapidity.

Not for a second did he contemplate giving up either keys or combination. But to send this desperate little rat near the girl of his heart was unthinkable. He pretended to break down, and said faintly:

"I—give in, Kerr. The combination is 'Tanganyika.' My keys are in the tool case of the bicycle. The machine is hidden—" he hesitated a second's fraction, and Kerr noted this—"is hidden in a small nulla, south of Kambove road, this side of the Kafue bridge. It's under an acacia covered with convolvulus. There's a bent raffia palm just to the right. Now I—I'd like a bit of water."

The Irwin Boys Tell All

Both the Irwins—Will and Wallace—are famous novelists and reporters. Each gets so many letters intended for the other that they have been forced to make the revelations to be printed in next week's Collier's. They bare their lives—or, rather, Wallace bares Will's, and Will writes about Wallace.

They haven't shown each other the articles, but the bond between them is strong and may stand the strain.

Thirst was consuming Hewitt. Kerr ignored the request. He had stuck the torch into an empty oil can. Hewitt waited, in burning anxiety. Had he made a slip? Had he lied badly? He knew his actions had been spied on by Kerr—closely spied on.

Kerr picked up a long knife. "'As the position of the safe been changed, 'Ewitt?"

Hewitt sighed in relief. Kerr believed him. He shook his head in the negative.

"'Ow often do you change that there safe combination? Ain't no chance of my findin' it different when I get there?"

"No chance. It hasn't been changed in three months."

Kerr's features, behind the layers of oily smoke and orange light, seemed to slip suddenly, and merge, under their covering of white skin, until his face assumed bestial proportions. His whining snarl cut the air:

"You've lied to me about everythink, you —— ——. When I 'eard you opening that safe a month ago, it was a five-letter combination. Not ten. Your bike ain't where you said. That nulla's been searched. Now, are you goin' to spit out the truth? Or, so 'elp me, I'll—"

"You are too smart for me, Kerr," the bound man said humbly. "I might have known I couldn't fool you. The combination is 'Spoof,' and the wheel is hidden behind those mealie shambas, this side of Kapiri."

"You'll wish yourself dead ten times over if this is a lie." Kerr stood thinking.

THE smoke, which now filled the shack, caused both men to cough. Outside, the night wind rustled the heavy fig leaves. They could hear the distant swish of the swamp, the nearer, dry, unpleasant rattle of the tombouki grass.

"Water! Give me water before you go," begged Hewitt.

Kerr paid no attention to the plea, but leaned over and heaved at the mass on the floor. A bit of rock fell with a tap on the tarpaulin. Hewitt gasped. Kerr giggled, and slit a hole in one of the sacks. Already the mass above Hewitt trembled and dropped an inch. The mass on the floor had risen, and now there was the ceaseless note of pebbles falling as they streamed through the gash in the jute bag.

Kerr took the torch. His eye caught something on the wall shelf near by. He stuck the torch back, secured the something, wrenched it open, and tossed something fine, powdery, yet like living fire, into Hewitt's face. Hewitt screamed and got a mouthful of the stuff that almost stopped his breathing.

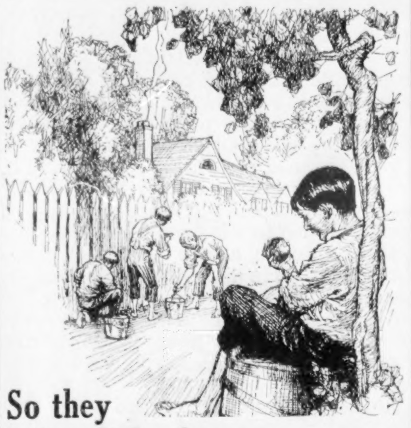
"That's for the choko you gimme and the beast you called me a while ago," sniggered Kerr, as he stamped on the torch.

Hewitt moaned and gasped. That his eyes were out he felt sure. Vitriol, molten lead, boiling oil swam in them. For moments, which seemed hours, he suffered more than he had believed a man could suffer—and remain conscious.

Yet time, however hideously, did pass, and Hewitt felt a diminution of suffering. He became dimly conscious of his surroundings—saw, in a blurred way that the east door was partly open. He felt a breeze on his feverish face—a breeze that brought a paroxysm of violent sneezing. He began to improve steadily. The moon had not yet risen, he noted. Only immense and brilliant stars stared in through the door.

He knew now that the stuff in his eyes and mouth had been cayenne pepper. He recalled the word Kerr had used, and he wondered, ragingly, how even such a murdering little rat could do such a thing. In Kerr's distorted mind it was not so much he himself, Alfred Kerr, who was villainous—rather, it was the unjust world which drove him to take what he could as expeditiously as possible. And to have unanchored Hewitt's self-control with the cayenne delighted Kerr because it seemed to prove that the American was not the superior being men thought him.

Hewitt was now so much better that he was again keenly conscious. He listened, with mounting terror, to the dry, unpleasant rattle of the falling sand and pebbles. At times one of the pebbles would roll over the edge of the mine shaft beneath the Sudan bed. Hewitt could hear it hit the water—plop. He struggled with the fear that threatened to become unreasoning panic. But his ears told him the pebbles and sand were falling further. That meant that the jagged bowlders above him were nearer. At long intervals he could hear them grating as the ropes shifted. Once a tiny fragment from them fell on him and he cried out. Mosquitoes stung him. Ants bit him savagely. Once he saw a snake crawling quietly from eaves to eaves on a crossbeam. He classed it as a non-poisonous species, so far as his blurred vision could tell. No matter what it was he felt no fear of it. It was undisturbed, leisurely, and would not fall. It vanished from view and a fresh swarm of mosquitoes, which he dreaded much more, drifted in. Yet even these could not keep his mind from the descending terror. He had to tear his



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The first boy offered an apple; another had a jew's-harp; a third went home and got his pet kitten for Tom. When evening came, the fence had three coats of whitewash on it—and Tom was fairly rolling in wealth.

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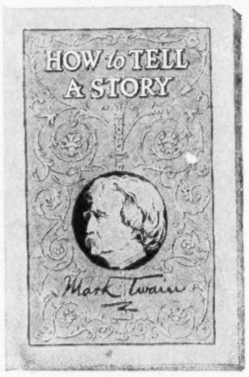

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thoughts away. He must keep sane, and plan. Yet all his plans came to this —if he were not crushed before Kerr came back, he would provoke the cockney to kill him at once. He thought he could anger him enough for that, because not only would Kerr be raging over having been sent on a fool's errand, but Hewitt's groping right hand had found the pepper box. Kerr had dropped it on the narrow bed when slapping the handful of cayenne into Hewitt's mouth.

Hewitt had opened the hinged lid, had found, by testing with his fingers, that there remained perhaps an ounce of caked pepper. This he had carefully loosened. He meant, if he got a chance, to fling the box in Kerr's face, and so precipitate a rapid death for himself.

SUDDENLY he became conscious of a change overhead. He looked up in terror. He saw that the mass was not moving down. It had stopped. Yet it was some time before he could believe this. When he was certain of it, he supposed there had been a stoppage, somewhere, in the murder machine. If it started again, it would drop rapidly to cover the time lapse, for he could hear the gravel running out from the other weight. He did not guess the truth which was that Kerr, not knowing how long he might be gone, had arranged matters in such a way as to stop the descending mass at a certain point. For Alfred Kerr had no mind to have his valuable prisoner destroyed until he himself was ready to do it.

The way in which a deep and manly love can sustain a man's purpose was past Kerr's limited comprehension. Although to Hewitt the stopping of the mass above him was now an agonizing puzzle, although the rocks became, to his terror-drenched mind, like a great beast crouched and holding its breath before it sprang down on him, it never occurred to him that he was in any way heroic. She must not be endangered. That was all.

He cursed his imagination about the rocks. He tried to listen to the small night sounds. But the mass loomed in his mind. He wished for Kerr's speedy return and the end of this torment.

A puff of wind blew the east door open wide. He saw that the moon had risen, wan and white.

His thoughts were sharply focused by the soft sound of a padding step. It recalled Kerr's way of walking. There followed a faint shuffle. That also was like Kerr. Here was no chance-sent rescue. Here was only the foiled, enraged cockney returning. Hewitt felt a shock of disappointment, for hope survives under the most unpromising circumstances.

Only one good could he expect from Alfred Kerr—immediate, painless death. To get that, he must anger him frantically. Hewitt clasped the pepper box closer. If he could only coax the cockney close enough!

Livid moonlight flooded through the open door. Hewitt glanced up in the increasing light. It seemed to him that the mass did not hang more than four feet above him, perhaps closer. He could not be sure. His gaze shot back to the door. Could he taunt the approaching cockney efficiently? Or would Kerr only torture him, and jibe at him, to the unthinkable end? Hewitt's jaws set.

The step outside ceased. This added to the American's tension. True to his type, Kerr was spying on him. Hewitt felt like yelling curses at the man, but resolutely held his tongue.

The step came on again. Again the faint snuffle. A roach dropped from the ceiling, and struck Hewitt's face. Involuntarily he closed his eyes, certain it was a black spider. But it crawled away, innocuously, from the suddenly rigid form. Hewitt relaxed, and opened his strained, tired eyes.

But now the American saw that a form blocked the doorway; or, rather, partly blocked it. The step had never been Kerr's. It belonged to "Blimey," the maneless man-eater. Hewitt recognized him because the mutilated left ear identified the brute. Yet he was so immense, so thin, so still, that, for a second, Hewitt doubted his reality.

The man-eater's head and shoulders were just inside the door. Behind him, the moon, huge and white, leeched his tawny flanks with its cold white fire, until he seemed ash-gray. The lion's head was held so low that his shoulders cast a shadow over the face, out of which his huge, unwinking eyes glared, like living, amber coals.

Hewitt stared, his head held almost at right angles from his body. He saw the man-eater's broad face turn slowly. The stiff bristles of the whiskers became agitated, silvery wires. Into the damp, moldy air crept a faint stench as the lion breathed, an odor that spoke, voicelessly, of death and decay.

The bound man opened his mouth with a dry moan. Agony edged his burning eyes. Under his tan his face was chalky. Death would be freedom—yes. But it must not come in this guise. He wanted to shout, but could not utter a sound. He saw the great claws move in and out of their sheaths, the muscles ripple under the loose hide—saw, with mounting frenzy, that the man-eater was slowly creeping into the shaft shack. So easy were his movements, he seemed to flow in. He snuffled softly, and bared his teeth in a soundless snarl.

Under the beast's weight a board creaked. A low growl responded, filling the shack with the evil mutter. Hewitt sneezed. The lion retreated to one side, so that he showed only as a deeper shadow among shadows, out of which his eyes glowed balefully. Something binding Hewitt's tongue snapped. He shouted, a long, thirst-cracked crescendo shriek that broke and died. Then, for a minute which he never plumbed, consciousness left him. His head fell back with a dull thump.

Slowly the man-eater moved forward. He seemed to lengthen; then contract.

WHEN Hewitt opened his eyes again the place was very still, yet the air seemed stiff with menace. Then he saw that the man-eater had his forepaws on the bed-foot.

With an easy, sinuous motion the beast now swung himself up. He crouched on Hewitt's ankles; for these were bound near together at the foot, while Hewitt's arms were wide apart, each wrist having been roped to a side rail.

As the man-eater stared into Hewitt's eyes, the lion's amber orbs seemed immense in their cold ferocity. The teeth, broken and worn, gleamed. Hewitt's heart raced and hammered. The beast's foul breath stifled him. The low, rasping purr stiffened his spine.

Although too securely bound to free himself, Hewitt had, in his former struggles worked the right wrist rope up to his elbow. This enabled him to bring the pepper tin, clutched in his right hand, up and forward. The lid was thrown back. As the huge, square head drew closer, Hewitt hurled the little tin forward. He threw it with such frantic force that, as the container left his clawed fingers, the swelling arm muscles filled the rope slack and snapped his arm back to his side again.

With a roar like an explosion the lion leaped up, clawing blindly and madly at nothing. He had received the pepper full in the eyes and nostrils.

Rearing on his hind legs, his tail jerking with fright and fury, he loomed enormously in Hewitt's upward stare. Then the unsheathed claws of the forepaws struck far out. The right paw shot into the thickest of the tangled cordage which held the rock mass. Instantly the curving claws turned and twisted wildly in the ropes, thereby slipping a small knot and noosing the paw securely. The pain-maddened beast felt at once that here was the enemy. It held his paw, and it had caused the blinding, terrorizing fire in his eyes—fire which even ran down his throat from his burning nostrils. So he fought the tangled cordage, the rock mass, slashing with his free forepaw. As he fought he now stood astraddle of the man under him. He had forgotten Hewitt.

A lion weighs at least four hundred pounds. As the desperate beast slashed and struck at the mass, he lunged forward unavoidably. This lunging weight, plus the kinetic attack of the man-eater, set the rocks in motion. His free fore-

(*Continued on page 32*)

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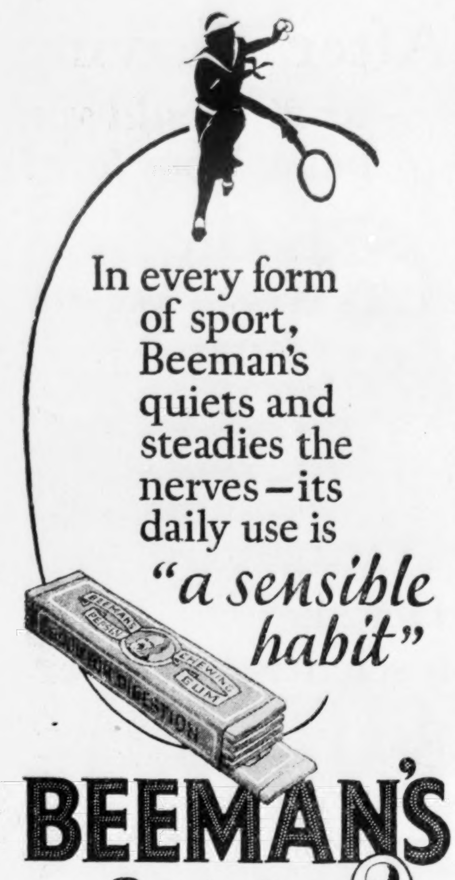

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Kalambo

Continued from page 31

paw now caught in the cordage also as he scratched and tore. He was swayed ludicrously, back and forth, with the mighty pendulum he had set going, a pendulum whose arc would be all the wider because the narrow shack was built high.

The more fiercely he tried to hold his ground, the more he increased the momentum. Vainly he battered his blinded face against the mass, biting at it till his jaws were bloodied by the jagged fragments. The greater swing of the mass now dragged his straddling feet up to Hewitt's shoulders. It was at this point that the beast tore loose the second paw, which had been less firmly caught than the first, struck higher up, and swung off into the air, curling up as he swung. He now clung with all four sets of claws to the cordage, his belly against the rock. He had scarcely vanished from Hewitt's terror-strained eyes, when the great pendulum rushed back, carrying, above Hewitt, a biting, snarling, sneezing, spitting ball of tawny delirium.

NOW Hewitt expected the end. The added weight of this great beast would tear loose whatever obstruction in the machinery had temporarily kept the mass from its slow dropping. No doubt the whole rock weight would almost immediately plunge down on him, thought the American, frenziedly wrenching at his unyielding ropes.

But Kerr's meticulous care prevented any such precipitating of the crisis. And although the iron sheeting of the walls was rust-eaten till the nail holes were mockeries, although the smaller uprights and the window framing were worm-eaten and in many places rotted, yet the main beams of the house and the shaft beams were still good timber, solid. Because they were of "magnolia" wood they stood, unbreakable, by Kerr's device.

The lion's hind claws had ripped to shreds the heavy tarpaulin on each side of Hewitt's body. Even in his extremity, Hewitt thought bitterly how easily those scimitar claws might just as well have slashed in two at least one of his own bonds. But these ropes, like his body, had escaped all damage. Hewitt lay as helpless as ever, with this ball of fur and fury swinging over him.

Under the drive of the man-eater's tremendous hind-quarter muscles, the oscillating death passed farther each time. The lion's hind claws attempted frantically to rip open the moving trap. These desperate endeavors, these dynamic thrusts of power, were accompanied by short roars of rage and agony.

Hewitt's straining eyes followed the arc of the pendulum as well as he could. When it swung south toward the bedfoot, both murderous weight and lion were in plain view. But when it swung north it went as far behind his head, toward the north wall with its heavily shuttered window. Owing to the location of the bed, Hewitt lay much nearer the north than the south wall, for the shaft beams stood in the north half of the shack. But details of this sort were far from occupying his tortured mind now. A rope in the cordage parted under the lion's claws, and a rock fragment slipped out. It crashed past the railing of the Sudan bed, narrowly missing Hewitt's hand. He heard it smash through the rotten flooring, and splash in the shaft water beneath him. He saw the mass swing south, and then go rushing north again. For the second time the man-eater's tail-tuft dragged across the American's eyes.

This tuft, for the moment, blinded him. He did not see that a squat figure now appeared in the doorway.

Finding himself fooled, Kerr had started on his return journey, in his most vindictive humor. To the last ounce of life, Hewitt should pay for this after the truth had been crushed out of him.

Kerr had heard that broken and desperate shout of Hewitt's, then the man-eater's roars. Kerr broke into a run. He expected to find Hewitt under the beast's claws. "Blimey" must be shot, if it could be done safely for Kerr. The big cat had no right to the cockney's prey.

As he ran toward the shaft shack, Kerr's experienced ears told him the beast was in some kind of trouble. Those short roars, intersected with spitting and snarling, had terror as well as fury in them. But when Kerr reached the doorway and peered swiftly but cautiously in, rifle in hand, he was dumb with amazement.

"Gawd," breathed the cockney silently. He was divided between a shudder of fright and a desire to giggle wickedly. He knew at once that this beast entangled in the cordage was "Blimey." In the flooding moonlight he could see the mutilated ear.

Kerr decided that the lion must be shot as soon as possible. Not from the open door, however. For if he merely wounded the beast the lion might tear loose from the cordage, under the added stimulus of pain, and make for Kerr himself. Naturally the cockney had no idea that the man-eater was temporarily blind.

Unremarked by Hewitt, who was winking some sand out of his eyes, Kerr slipped swiftly out, and then around to the north shutter. The lower part of the shutter was so badly worm-eaten that, without difficulty, he enlarged a hole to peer through, using his pocket knife. As the shutter was all wood, instead of corrugated sheeting, he made little noise.

Above him the solid plate beam ran. It, like the window framing, was of magnolia, and hence undecayed, although the side uprights, to which the sheeting was nailed, being of inferior woods, were as worm-eaten as the shutter.

Kerr ceased his cutting. The vocal pandemonium inside the shack had covered the faint sound of it. He shivered at the man-eater's increasing fury, and made haste to reach for his rifle. From here, he thought, he could get in an eye shot at close quarters.

INSIDE the shaft shack, Hewitt's frenzied struggle against his bonds had sunk into exhaustion. Dumb with strain and terror, he lay watching the flying death above him come back into his vision, like some awful comet.

Just as Kerr stooped for the rifle, the peak of the lion's cumulative fright and fear expressed itself in a tremendous convulsive attempt to rip the mass open. The beast had drawn his legs up under his belly. He was clinging with his forepaws to the south side of the mass. So when the muscular drive came with kinetic energy the weight rushed at the north wall and crashed into it.

Down went the rust-eaten siding. Down went the rotted uprights to which it was nailed. With these fell the heavy magnolia window framing and the rotted shutter. To them clung the mamba which had been looking lazily over the beam edge, and had been easily jarred off. The main beams of the shack were solid and unaffected, but what had fallen from the weight's impact made a respectable pile of débris. Under it lay Alfred Kerr. As his hand touched the rifle, the window framing had struck him heavily in the back of his head and crushed him.

Hewitt heard the mass crash into the wall—heard, though he could not see it, the fall of the north siding. An access of moonlight flooded in. Sweat, as cold as the moonlight, rose on his forehead. Was the whole shack going to be battered down on his defenseless head? As he thought this the mass was swinging back. Another rock fell, and this time it struck the east bed railing and broke it, sending such a shock of pain up Hewitt's left arm that at first he believed it broken. It took him several seconds to discover that, because the railing was broken just above the wrist bound to it, he had only to draw his wrist toward his shoulder—and in an inch or two he would be free.

The head of the broken bed was settling into the damaged floor, and the shaftpit below yawned in plain sight, but hope's illusive rainbow spanned it now. He freed his left hand, thankful that his former desperate struggle had stretched the rope bracelet until it had not interfered seriously with his circulation.

Twisting himself with frantic energy from under the rope crossing his chest, he attacked the bonds of his right hand, not only with the partially numb fingers of his left, but also with his teeth. A rock crashed past him. Another. The bed seemed sinking in the middle. He shot an agonized glance upward, and blood dripped in his face from the jaws of the man-eater as the beast rode above him again. He saw that the cordage was fearfully torn now. That in a few minutes—it might be seconds only—the whole mass would tear through and plunge downward, carrying beast and man with it.

Hewitt's mind was fogged with horror. But a basic idea wove itself into two words, and seemed to chant in his ears: "Keep on!" it drummed. "Keep on!"

But, as he worked, in a frenzy of effort, protean shadows from the moving mass swept writhingly over him in the cold moonlight. A fallen rope hissed over his shoulder, like a warning against him and raised him above reaction.

THEN what he had so dreaded happened. The whole cordage gave. The mass of rock poured down, smashing through the bed, and tearing through the floor as though it had been paper.

But Hewitt had heard the first grinding sound of slipping. He had felt the dropped arch of the lion's back brush his as it lowered with the tearing ropes. The American hurled himself over the bed foot, felt his ankle cords break with his desperate effort and weight. He hit the floor with an impact that almost stunned him. He had just sense enough left to roll rapidly away from the bed.

There followed a roaring scream as mass and man-eater plunged down into the shaft. After this a silence, broken only by the swish of the displaced water as it leaped at the shaft sides!

Hewitt sat up. He trembled and felt weak with a sense of nausea. Then he remembered Kerr, who might return at any moment. Hewitt staggered up, but his feet were numb. He fell, crawled resolutely out through the east door, and looked around.

From the swamp, white mists floated. One of these wandering fleeces touched delicately the ant hill's crest. Through the sycamore fig tree the wind rushed coldly. It bore the distant and hideous laughter of prowling hyenas. But the American saw nothing of Kerr—nothing of anything menacing. Unable as yet to walk, he crawled forward, listening always for Kerr. As soon as circulation returned to his feet, Hewitt rose, and ran through the moonlight.

Reaction tugged at his knees. Thorns reached for him. The African night's chill dominated the air. We was weaponless, and the bush might hold other menaces besides Kerr. But to Hewitt the moonlit night was friendly and beautiful. Freedom's elixir rushed through the hope he cherished, though unconsciously he shouted aloud his sustaining words: "Keep on—Keep on—Keep on!" This riotous joy continued to sustain him, even when exhaustion made the miles very difficult. Not daring to try for his wheel, and wishing to avoid the rifle-armed Kerr, who would shoot him down on sight, Hewitt took a shorter but rougher way home, and literally fought his way through.

When even his sense of freedom faltered into almost overpowering fatigue, the fear that Kerr might find him gone and, on the wheel, reach Mary first gave Hewitt strength to keep on.

As dawn broke he staggered to the office steps. Inside he heard Marvin's voice feebly declaring himself better—heard his own croaking call, and Mary's anxious, answering cry as she ran out. Then he collapsed on the steps. The girl flung herself beside him. The dawn rays haloed her golden hair as she lifted his shoulders until his head was cradled against the soft depth of her breast.

Miles away, those same dawn lights glinted on the crumpled siding sheets, dancing cynically over the rusty pall they formed for Kerr.

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RADIO BY JACK BINNS

TO ALL MY READERS: I'll pay ten dollars each for letters giving radio stories, experience, and suggestions that are suitable for publication. Make them short and snappy.

Address me care of Collier's, 416 West 13th St., New York.

THE first ten goes to Nathan Ahrens of 1611 Madison Avenue, Baltimore, Md. Here's his letter:

"I've been deaf for thirty-five years and cannot hear an orchestra even when I sit directly in front of it, but I can hear over a radio. Never advise a deaf person to use less than three tubes, two of them audio. It took me fourteen months' hard work to learn my set thoroughly. Now I can fix it any time it gets out of order. The secret of operation is never to turn the rheostats up too far as this causes distortion to deaf ears. I hope you will urge all deaf people to take up radio and heed my advice as to the number of tubes."

To Help Men Get Jobs

HERE'S a good suggestion by the president of a large company. "Oftentimes," he says, "we have labor shortages and unemployment in areas of a few hundred miles. Why not use radio broadcasting to notify skilled workmen and laborers of vacant jobs. Industrial concerns in a few minutes' talk could give exact data as to jobs, pay, and other details. It would solve many industrial problems, and increase the prosperity of the country. Most homes nowadays have radio sets." It is a good idea and fits in with the status of public utility that radio broadcasting has now assumed. Let's start it.

You Can Hear a Fly Walk

THE Bell System engineers have discovered a crystal so sensitive that it will make audible the inaudible. In conjunction with suitable amplifiers it makes the tramp of a fly's footsteps sound like thunder. Even the love call of an aphid can be heard. The real triumph of this device will come when it reproduces the rhythmic beat of a gnat's heart in the loud speaker.

The Three R's by Radio

A READER who recalls the school seat shortage as shown in Collier's last year rises to suggest the following: "Have Boards of Education loan one-tube receivers to all pupils for whom there are no seats. Supply the necessary books. Fix regular school hours and require parents to supply chair and table in a quiet room at home. Teachers will broadcast lessons on different wave-lengths for the different grades. Each pupil's receiver can be tuned and fixed for the proper grade lesson. Thus a shortage of several thousand seats may be overcome immediately at small cost compared with new buildings requiring a year or two to build."

Will we soon be hearing by radio: "Now, children, all rise and begin the school day by singing with me 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'"

Judge for Yourself

THE number of radio fans who construct their own sets is still very large. Many of them have learned from bitter experience which apparatus is standard and which is valueless. Manufacturers are human. Even the most conscientious of them are sorely tempted to meet public demand, even though that demand is not technically sound. For some reason there was recently a wave of hysteria for audio frequency transformers having a ratio of ten to one. This demand was catered to. But that ratio between primary and secondary is no test for an audio transformer. Such a high ratio as ten to one means a sacrifice in the primary. With it, the tube requirements as to impedance cannot be met. Distortion results. Three to one is a sufficient ratio as a general rule, but some well-designed transformers run slightly higher. If you are in doubt, insist upon hearing a set in the store that has the transformers in it that you are considering. Then judge for yourself, using tonal quality as the test.

Free Speech—If You Listen

THE time is rapidly approaching when one man will be able to talk to the entire civilized world—that is, if all its members will listen in. Will free and unrestricted speech be altogether safe then? Anyhow, we can always shut the radio off. That's its great advantage over a hall.

Voliva on Bunk

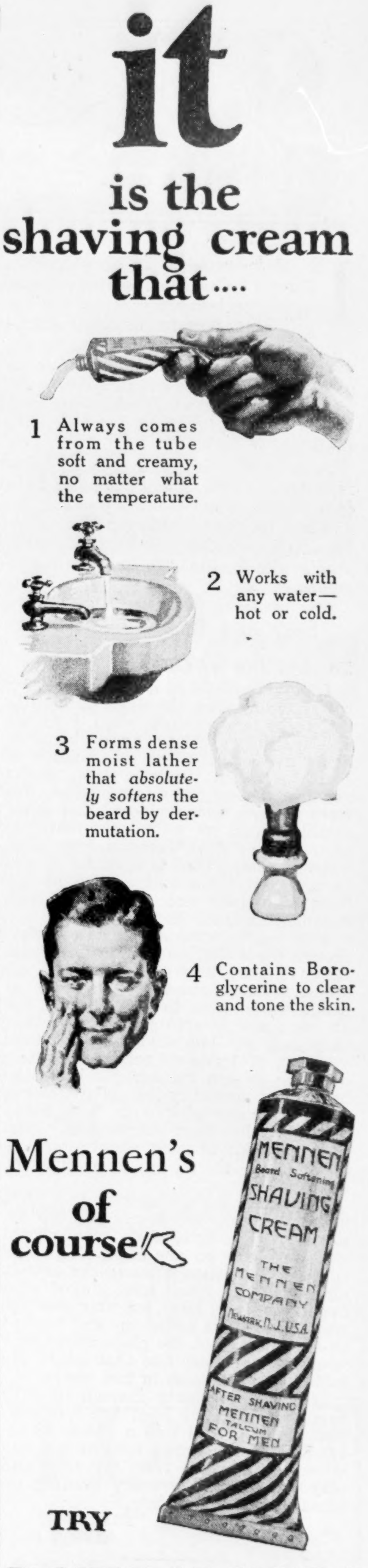
WHILE we are on this subject here's a hot one. Wilbur Glenn Voliva, the bright light of Zion City, has a wonderful radio voice. With it he discusses evolution over the ether. He tells the world, without a quiver in his voice, that "All science is bunk." In doing so he uses one of the greatest scientific triumphs of all time.

Do a Good Turn

WHEN you buy a new set to get greater distance give your old one to a hospital. It may help some convalescent back to normal health. It will certainly cheer the lonely hours of the bedridden incurable.

Get Collier's Radio Map

Collier's will furnish its readers, for ten cents in stamps, with a map of the United States showing all the radio broadcasting stations, and the wave length of each in meters. Geographical details are omitted so that the name, location, and wave length may be seen at a glance. The map is 21 x 14—the size of two of Collier's pages.



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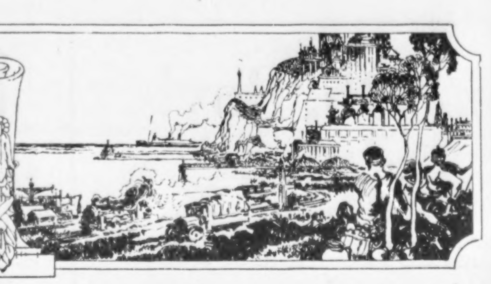


THE POLITICIANS PROMISE, or their publicity men do for them, to talk turkey through the air. This campaign is the first in which radio figures, and nobody realizes more fully than the great parties' national committees that the legion of voters with receiving sets makes radio a thing to be reckoned with. Neither does anybody see more clearly than a live publicity director that the Grand Old Blah, the long, long-winded buncombe of old-fashioned political oratory gone to seed in modern times, won't do with the radio audience, which can and will "walk out on" any dreary would-be spellbinder without his knowing it. Whether the veteran windjammers, the stalwarts who started stumping when James G. Blaine was running for President and before "The Boy Orator" typhooned himself into a candidacy, also see this is highly doubtful—but if they don't their younger associates will try to make them.

So real political oratory, plain, concise, persuasive, thoughtfully worded and done in a good practiced voice, comes into its own again, and the voter's critical personal contact with the candidates and their backers is renewed for hundreds of thousands who can't get to the big rallies. Surely hearing a man talk is the next best way to size him up, if you cannot see him.

But there is much more than this to the interest of campaign broadcasting. Will the stations be open to all parties? Or will there be efforts to monopolize some of them? Or, again, will owners of the more powerful stations feel themselves under pressure to turn down the speakers of certain unpopular parties? And then the mere expense of the struggle in the air will reach imposing totals. The number of candidates, important and unimportant, who will be trying to get your ear will be unusually formidable. It's a sizable subject, this novelty in politics, and Collier's and its readers are fortunate that the writer who has gone to the bottom of it for them is William G. Shepherd.

IN HIS articles on orphanages, Harold Cary advocated foster homes as being far better for the children. The letter below signed "Traveler" seems a mighty strong endorsement of that view, and with regard not only to the children but to the foster parents also. Speaking for ourselves, we would rather read this letter than lots of fiction!

It is a little surprising that so few rejoinders to Mr. Cary's articles have come in from the orphanage people. The one here printed challenges him to debate. (We wonder just what Mr. Johnston's allusion to "Darwin's theory" means.)

She's in a Real Home Now

To the Editor of Collier's:

I had just finished a caricature of a cow jumping over the moon to mail to my little two-year-old when I picked up Mr. Cary's article on orphanages. I am a salesman; "covered" much of North America; married late, finally acquired a home and a fair income. We were always "going places" and never satisfied until we visited the state orphanage and took home a girl baby. Friends said, "That is splendid of you to give that little waif a good home." Soon they discovered that we had been benefited as much as the baby.

Now we hurry home instead of away, though she is well watched by Grandma. Seven others have followed our example. There must be thousands of families who want to adopt babies, but do not know how to get them or fear they may get one who may not turn out well. They do not realize that one's own are even a greater gamble as to health and mentality than a live, bright child they can pick out. The bogey "heredity" has been overworked. Doctors, who know most about children, adopt more than any other class of townspeople.

Why don't the authorities do a little propagandizing for homes for the orphans? One hotel man who played with my baby on one of my trips had taken a boy when I made the rounds again. A big retail man played with her in his store; later, learning that she was adopted, he called up and wanted to know all about the place where they "gave away babies like that one." He had one in his home in two weeks.

If we were thirty instead of fifty there would be at least two more orphans that would find a home. I am bending every energy toward the day when I can retire from the road and play with my baby every evening instead of week ends only.

"TRAVELER,"
Ackley, Ia.

From an Orphanage's Head

To the Editor of Collier's:

Mr. Cary could easily have found many orphanages where they do find time to dispense a little individual love, where not to smile is a matter of comment, and where laughter and joy go with the work as well as the play. Where the children can be both clean and happy, and the buildings and dishes also clean without any sign of the drudgery that fills in the picture Mr. Cary draws. And all this being done on just a fourth the smallest sum named in his article.

We thank him for allowing the present heads of orphanages to be men of high caliber, although surrounded by "low-grade employees." If he could have strained a point and allowed us a small portion of brains and lifted the help a little higher, he might have found out that his present arguments are old stuff with us and to a great extent tested and found wanting.

A child is better off in a home than in an orphanage *provided it is his own home.* The foster home proposition is *not* the solution, and I am prepared to debate that proposition with Mr. Cary by test, example, on the platform, or through Collier's.

The dangerous thing about his articles is that being published in Collier's they get a weight that the subject matter does not warrant. They will do the real child-welfare work an untold injury by bringing up an outworn theory as out of place and date as Darwin's.

JOS. B. JOHNSTON,
Barium Springs, N. C.

Mr. Johnston is general manager and treasurer of the Presbyterian Orphans' Home, owned by the synod of his state.

Letter Box as Ballot Box

To the Editor of Collier's:

You say, "The practical objections to taking the vote by mail must be plain to everyone." They are not plain to me. In Wisconsin and a few other states the law permits voting by mail to electors who are absent from home on election day, or who cannot go to the polling places on account of sickness or infirmity. *The secrecy of the ballot is fully protected.*

These classes of voters have been voting, and are voting now, in increasing numbers by mail. Why cannot every voter do it?

Our mechanics of election have not been changed much since George Washington's time. They should be improved to bring out the stay-at-home vote. The cost of elections is also growing altogether out of proportion to the facilities offered. Voting by mail would cut the cost in half, even if postage were prepaid on the ballots both ways, and would double the efficiency.

SENATOR SCHULTZ,
Secretary of the City Election Commission, Milwaukee, Wis.

Alibis for Election-Day Aliens

To the Editor of Collier's:

It is easy to see why continually fewer people are voting. Affairs of government are becoming so vast, intricate, and removed from the average man that he loses interest in them. It is only the politicians and job holders that are interested in such things now.

But the most important reason is that it is human nature to value lightly any right which everyone has. Giving the vote to the women has still further decreased a man's interest. A man's vote is now worth just half what it was before women voted, and his incentive to vote is half what it was.

And how can a man be enthusiastic about voting when any ignorant mutt's say-so counts as much as his? It's all right to say "all men are equal" for effect, but whenever this principle is put in practice the country will surely go down and out. Why should a man be given suffrage just because he happens to have been born in the country? A man should do something to deserve citizenship before it is granted to him.

Certainly something must be done to restrict the electorate.

D. DAVIDSON,
Chicago, Ill.

Collier's cannot agree with Mr. Davidson that affairs of government are getting beyond the interest of the average man. Regardless of the rather silly platforms, by the end of this campaign every average man who votes will have a strong notion of how the result will affect him right where he lives. Mr. Davidson's other suggestions may be left to speak for themselves.

There Are Doctors and Doctors

To the Editor of Collier's:

I am not a high-school graduate nor have I a common-school education—just a dub, but I enjoy your editorials, at least on the quack doctors. Well, how about the doctors all around the country that are graduates of medical schools of repute and good standing but know nothing about medicine at all and could not tell if a man had smallpox or malaria and would not know how to set a bone but are willing to take a shot at it anyway?

H. G. DORR,
Aurora, Neb.

Mr. Dorr has put his finger on the edge of a reason why exposures and denunciations of quacks, however thoroughgoing, do not cover the medical aspect of public health. Bad though the quacks are, the legitimate certificated medical profession is by no means unexceptionally above reproach.

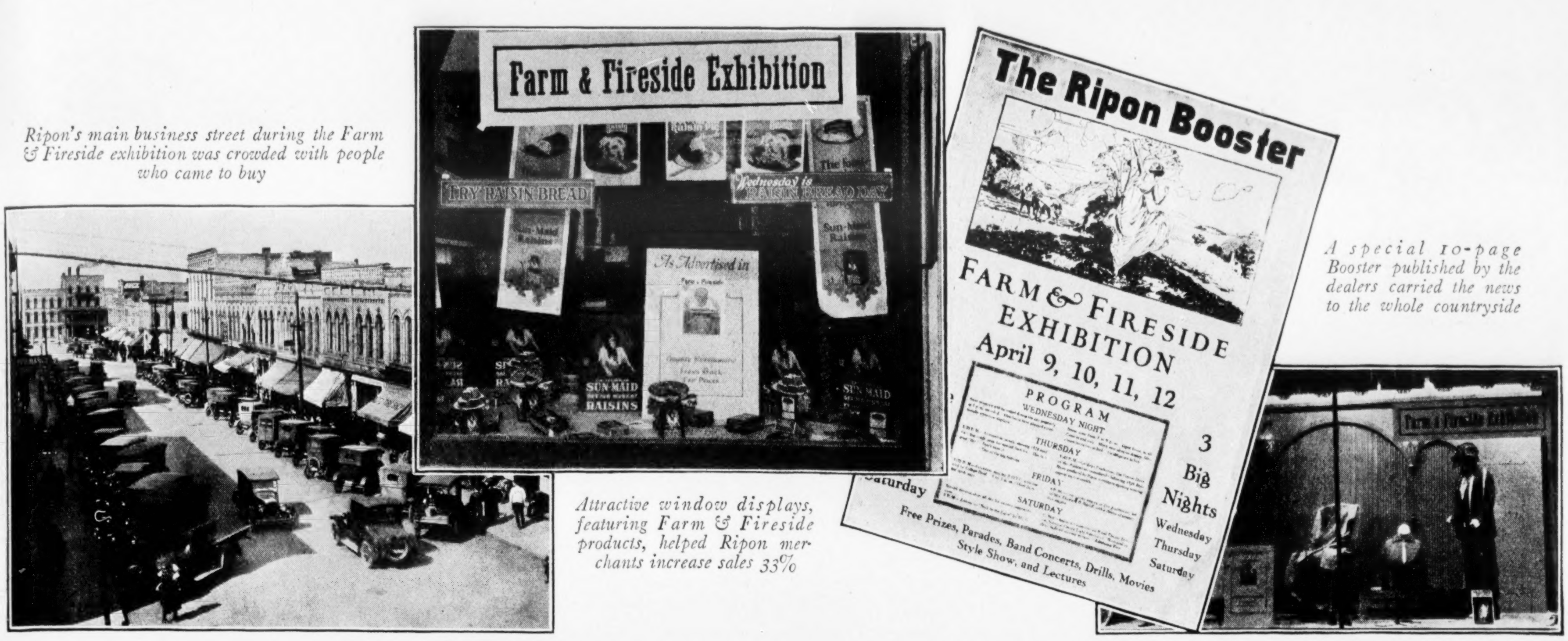
What Is Success?

To the Editor of Collier's:

In "Our Richest Man" Mr. Saunders indicated that from his viewpoint perfect mental serenity through life, or rather perfect contentment, spells success. If this is so, we must find it in the primitive mind. Negroes are almost always contented and happy, as long as their physical requirements are satisfied. The same with the normal child. As soon as ambition enters the mind, discontent sneaks in too. My belief is that anyone with a thinking mind is certainly unhappy at times and discontented more frequently than not. For further enlightenment I would refer you to Schopenhauer. Ambition and discontent are necessary for progress. The world would never progress were it populated with people like the example. He was a success in his line.

A. T. LOCKWOOD,
Fresno, Cal.

Mr. Saunders, rejoining from his point of view, might refer Mr. Lockwood back to Schopenhauer as an example. He was a success in his line. He made a contribution to philosophy and an undying name. But he was a constitutional pessimist with a chronic mental stomachache, and he led a gloomy life. Does anybody want to be Schopenhauer, at the price?


Farm & Fireside Exhibition
TRY RAISIN BREAD
Wednesday is Raisin Bread Day
As Advertised in Farm & Fireside
SUN-MAID RAISINS
Farm & Fireside Exhibition

The Ripon Booster

FARM & FIRESIDE EXHIBITION

April 9, 10, 11, 12

PROGRAM

WEDNESDAY NIGHT

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

3 Big Nights

Wednesday

Thursday

Saturday

Free Prizes, Parades, Band Concerts, Drills, Movies

Style Show, and Lectures

Ripon's main business street during the Farm & Fireside exhibition was crowded with people who came to buy

Attractive window displays, featuring Farm & Fireside products, helped Ripon merchants increase sales 33%

A special 10-page Booster published by the dealers carried the news to the whole countryside

$5,000 extra business in three days

How the merchants of Ripon, Wisconsin, boosted their sales with a Farm & Fireside Exhibition—a plan that stores everywhere can use

A NEW record was made recently in the development of merchandising at Ripon, Wisconsin. In three days a group of merchants did a business of $21,313.23—a real selling achievement. During the same period the week before, their sales amounted to only $16,504.17, and to but $15,379.49 last year at that time.

They secured this 33% increase in business by co-operating on a plan so simple, so practical, that it can be used—has been used—to similar advantage by merchants the country over. It is a plan which will work as well in your town as it did here.

Here is the plan

Ripon, you know, is in the heart of Wisconsin's famous dairy section. Like most smaller cities, a goodly percentage of its business comes from farm trade.

Most of the prosperous farm families around Ripon, just as around your town, read Farm & Fireside—they are the farmers who represent real buying power. Month after month they look to Farm & Fireside not only for ideas on better farming and better living, but as a guide to the best merchandise. Consistent advertising makes them prefer the products it features.

So we suggested to a group of Ripon merchants that they get together and hold an exhibition featuring goods advertised in Farm & Fireside, *The National Farm Magazine*. We told them what merchants in other towns had done; told them how we would help. And they decided to try it.

Ripon doesn't do things by half-measures. These merchants worked together to make their Farm & Fireside exhibition a real success. A special 10-page Booster published by the dealers carried the news to the whole countryside—told of the special events, the special displays.

And the farmers came, in spite of almost impassable roads. Right at home, they found, they could see the products they had been reading about. What had been national advertising became *local* advertising for the merchants of Ripon.

The results

$5,000 extra business wasn't the only benefit, as the following letter from one of the leading merchants of Ripon indicates:

"Our sales increased, of course, and we made many new customers.

"Our Farm & Fireside exhibition was one of the best things we ever attempted, and we are all more than pleased with the results.

"We would like to have your help in putting on another Farm & Fireside exhibition here next year. I don't know when we have had anything to do with outsiders who gave us so much support as you did."

This plan will work for you

What the Farm & Fireside plan has done for Ripon, what it has done for hundreds of towns, it can do for yours.

Or it will work equally well in your store alone. A Farm & Fireside Week brought an 84% increase in business to the Chandler Hardware Co., Sylvania, Ohio; it doubled sales the first day for the Rogers Drug Store, Tahlequah, Okla.

Let us tell you more about the plan and what it has done in towns, in stores like yours. Just write: "How may we apply the Farm & Fireside plan," and give us a list of the products below which you carry. We will gladly co-operate with you. Address your letter, please, to the Retail Sales Director, Suite 13-B, at the address below.

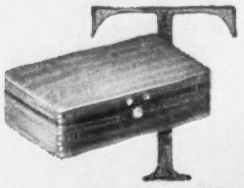
The Crowell Publishing Company
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City
Farm & Fireside, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's *The National Weekly*, The Mentor

FARM & FIRESIDE

The National Farm Magazine

TIE *to these products advertised in* FARM & FIRESIDE

Absorbine
Agricultural Gypsum
American Chain Co. (*Weed Chains*)
American Fence
American Pad & Textile Company
American Radiator Company
American Saw Mill Machinery Co.
American Sole & Belting Leather Tanners, Inc.
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
Anthony Fence
Bag Balm
Bean Spray Pumps
Black Flag Insect Powder
Boss Stoves and Ovens
Brown's Beach Jacket
Buckeye Incubators
Buescher Band Instrument Co.
Burpee's Seeds
Burroughs Adding Machine Co.
Canadian Government—(Dept. of Immigration & Colonization)
Capewell Horseshoe Nails
C. B. & Q. R. R. Company
Certo (Surejell)
Chesebrough "*Vaseline*" Products
Chevrolet Cars and Trucks
Chilean Nitrate Committee
Clark Grave Vaults
Clothcraft Clothes
Colgate's Toilet Preparations
Collis Process Pure Dried Buttermilk
Columbia Dry Cells & Batteries
Congoleum Rugs
Corn Products Refining Co. (*Karo*)
Crescent "*Mapleine*"
Crescent Tools
Crosley Radio Corporation
Dandelion Butter Color
DeLaval Separators & Milkers
Detroit Belt Lacer and Closing Machine
Devoe Paint & Varnish Products
Dietz Lanterns
Douglas, W. L., Shoes
Dr. Hess Stock Tonic
Dr Hess Poultry PAN-A-CE-A
Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco
Enterprise Meat Choppers and Sausage Stuffers
Essex Cars
Eveready Flashlights
Eveready Radio Batteries
Ford Automobiles and Ford Trucks
General Electric Co
General Motors Corporation
Glastenbury Underwear
Great Northern Ry.
Hall, Hartwell & Company, Inc. (Collars, Shirts, and Underwear)
Harley-Davidson Motorcycles
Hartshorn Shade Rollers
Henderson Seeds
Hinds Honey & Almond Cream
Hires Root Beer and Ginger Ale Extract
Hohner Harmonicas
Hudson Cars
Ingersoll Watches
International Harvester Farm Operating Equipment
International Motor Trucks
International Tractors
Jell-O
Kellogg's Corn Flakes
Kow-Kare
Landers, Frary & Clark—"*Universal*"
Luden's Menthol Cough Drops
Lyon & Healy Musical Instruments
Magnavox Co., The
Mellin's Food
Midwest Radio Co., "*Miraco*"
Monitor Furnace Co., "*Caloric*"
Mulsified Cocoanut Oil
Music Master Corp.
Natco Hollow Tile Silos and Farm Buildings
Nesco Perfect Oil Cook Stove
Nesco Royal GRANITE Enameled Ware
New Perfection Oil Ranges
Northern Pacific Ry.
Oliver Oil-Gas Burners
Overland Cars
Pepsodent Tooth Paste
Planet Jr. Implements
President Suspenders
Remington Arms Co., Inc. (Firearms, Ammunition, & Cutlery)
Reo Speed Wagons
Royal Fence
Ruckstell Axle
Semi-Solid Buttermilk
Sloan's Liniment
Smith Brothers Cough Drops
Stark Bros. Fruit Trees
Stewart Clipping and Shearing Machine
Stewart Custom Built Auto Accessories
Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation
Sun-Maid Raisins
Swift's Products
United States Tires
Vellastic Underwear
Victor Talking Machine
Warner Brothers, Wrap-arounds and Orientals
Westclox
Whiting-Adams Co. (Brushes)
Wright's Bias Fold Tape



THE *absolutely new* mechanical advantages of the New Improved Gillette make a perfect shave the most natural thing in the world, and the sum you spend for this new razor your best investment. It is the last razor you will have to buy! Do it—today.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.
BOSTON, U. S. A.

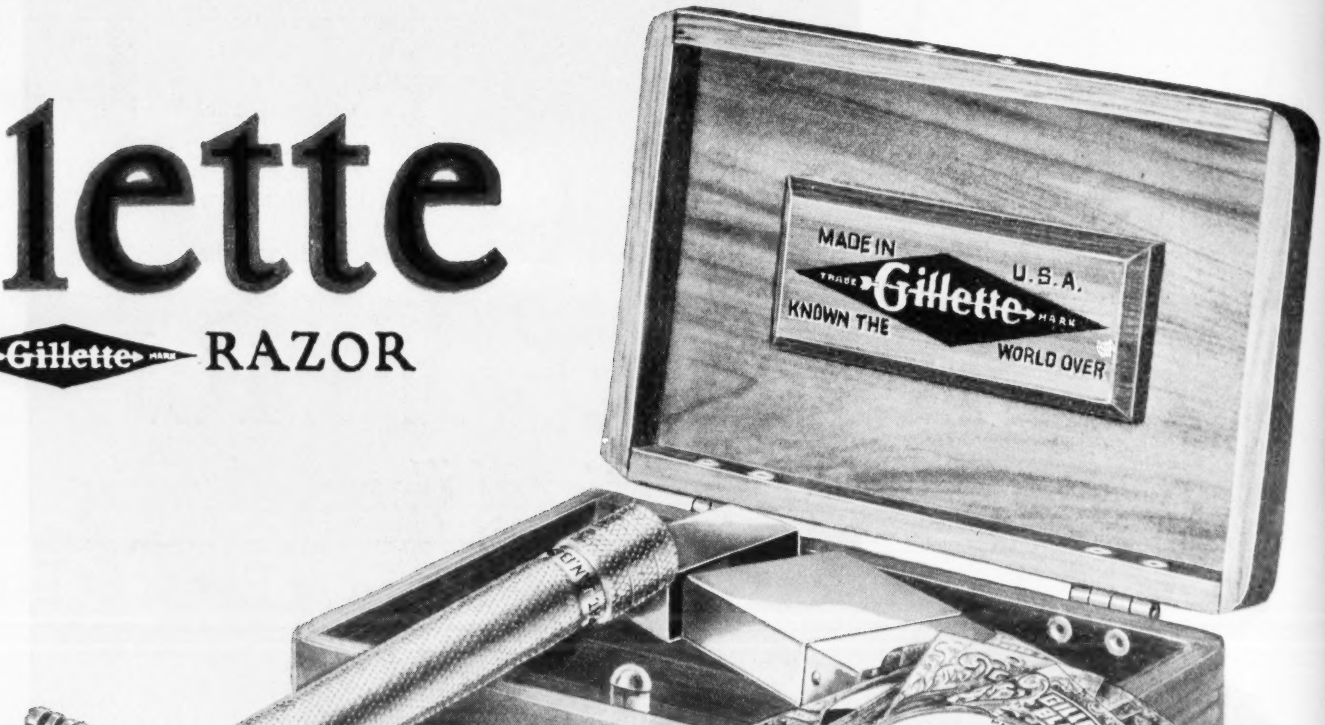
Whether you have a beard "like wire" or as soft as silk, your GOOD shave will become a PERFECT shave if you read "Three Reasons"—a new shaving booklet just published. A postcard request and we'll gladly send you a copy with our compliments.
Gillette Safety Razor Co.
Boston, Mass.

$5 *to* $75

The New Improved

Gillette

SAFETY Gillette RAZOR



The Gillette Big Fellow
In Silver Plate, $5
In Gold Plate, $6